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August 17, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

August 17—August 23

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Gladys Cooper as Rosalind, Ellen Pollock as Audrey, Philip Merivale as Jaques: Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

COMEDIENNE.—A brilliant virtuoso performance by Lilian Braithwaite as a temperamental actress, in Ivor Novello's play: Haymarket, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GIVE ME YESTERDAY.—Owen Nares produces, Geoffrey Nares decorates, the cast includes Keneth Kent, Mary Glynne, Louise Hampton: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GOLDEN BOY.—First-class acting by a new all-American cast in Clifford Odet's vividly alive play about a young violinist-boxer: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LAST TRAIN SOUTH.—Flora Robson has the chief part in the Basil Dean-Priestley presentation, set all on a Russian railway station: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by Cecil Parker and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Aldwych, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—Margaret Yarde and Walter Fitzgerald have good parts in this semi-psychological play of village life: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SHE WAS TOO YOUNG.—Hilda Vaughan and Laurier Lister's play is set in a Welsh country house, period 1870, with Edmund Gwenn, Ann Todd, Dorothy Hyson, Esmé Percy: Wyndham's, 8.30.

Singing and Dancing

FRIVOLITÉS DE FRANCE.—Naunton Wayne and fifty girls represent the wit and the beauty of this show: Prince of Wales, 2-11.30 non-stop.

MARITZA.—Good music and light sentiments of the Viennese model are half-translated into English by Mara Losseff, Douglas Byng, Shaun Glenville: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 108.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

VARIETY.—Max Miller and Florence Desmond head the bill of this riotous show: Palladium, 6.25 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

Drama Festivals

ABBEY THEATRE, DUBLIN.—Plays by J. M. Synge, W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory, T. C. Murray, Lennox Robinson.

MALVERN.—New and old plays by Shaw, Priestley, Bridie, Dunsany, and C. K. Munro form the programme.

STRATFORD.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Anthony Buckley

Marianne Manning

This young Australian soprano is the prima donna of the two different reviews, "Plaisirs de Paris" and "Montmartre à Minuit," which enliven dinner and supper respectively at the glamorous London Casino

First Nights

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Coming from Brighton, this "naughtycal musical" is an extravaganza with Stanley Lupino, Adèle Dixon, Frances Day: Hippodrome, tonight, 17th.

VARIETY.—Sir Oswald Stoll's return to his old love; opens at the Coliseum, Mon., 23rd.

CINEMAS

BATTLE OF BROADWAY (American).—How the American Legion beat up New York: Brian Donlevy, Victor McLaglen, Louise Hovick: Gaumont.

BOOLOO (American).—Colin Tapley, Jayne Regan, Mano Clark and some wild animals in an exciting tale of an expedition into Malay's jungle: Carlton.

CONVICT 99 (British).—Will Hay in the grip of the law: Dominion.

FAST COMPANY (American).—Melvyn Douglas and Florence Rice in a knockabout love-comedy: Empire.

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT (American).—George Brent and Olivia de Havilland and a spectacular flood in an exciting tale of farmers *v.* miners in the West: Odeon.

HER JUNGLE LOVE (American).—Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland in a glamorous, pseudo-primitive of the South Seas: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE KID FROM SPAIN and THE DEVIL TO PAY (American).—Eddie Cantor in one revival, Ronald Colman in the other: London Pavilion.

THE LAST NIGHT (Russian).—Yarotskaya ("the Russian Marie Dressler") leads in this slice of Soviet history—Moscow family history to a background of the October Revolution 1917: Academy.

LISZT RHAPSODY (Austrian).—Paul Hörbiger, Luise Rainer and Sybille Schmitz in a tale centring round the composer: Studio One.

LITTLE TOUGH GUY (American).—The "Dead End Boys"—a sort of toughened and elder "Our Gang"—play this excellent back-street story: Leicester Square.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC (American) and SOUTH RIDING (British).—Deanna Durbin's gay, irresponsible musical contrasts with the stern film from Winifred Holtby's best book: Tivoli.

SING YOU SINNERS (American).—Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray in a mixed family and musical comedy: Plaza.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Walt Disney's full-length cartoon from the Grimm tale is gripping: New Gallery.

SON OF MONGOLIA (Russian).—Actors and musicians of the Mongolian People's Theatre play a simple and humorous morality tale set in Central Asia: Berkeley.

THERE 'S ALWAYS A WOMAN (American).—Joan Blondell plays the husband's rival detective with Melvyn Douglas opposite: Regal.

THREE BLIND MICE (American).—Loretta Young and Joel McCrea head the cast, supported by English Binnie Barnes and David Niven: Regal.

THE VESSEL OF WRATH (British).—Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester in an excellent, witty film based on Maugham's story: Rialto.

VICTORIA THE GREAT (British).—Herbert Wilcox's noble slice of English history, with Anna Neagle as the Queen, revives at the Curzon.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra in his forty-fourth season at the Queen's Hall: nightly, 8.15.

TO-NIGHT, 17TH.—Brahms concert; Variations on a Theme of Haydn, piano concerto in D minor (Solomon), 3rd symphony, piano solos.

THURSDAY, 18TH.—First performance of Benjamin Britten's piano concerto (composer plays), Strauss and Schubert songs (Elisabeth Schumann), Rossini, Dvorak and Berlioz.

FRIDAY, 19TH.—Beethoven concert; Pastoral symphony, piano concerto in C minor (Rummel), Prometheus overture, arias (Laelia Finneberg).

SATURDAY, 20TH.—Mixed concert, with three soloists and the B.B.C. Chorus; Elgar, Gluck, Schubert, Paganini—Kreisler, Kodály, Lambert, Tchaikowsky.

MONDAY, 22ND.—Wagner concert; excerpts from the operas, with May Blyth and Parry Jones; Fogg's bassoon concerto (Archie Camden).

TUESDAY, 23RD.—Sibelius concert; 2nd and 3rd symphonies, "The Ferryman's Brides" (Muriel Brunskill).

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The Bystander

Houston Rogers

Dorothy Hyson : a Daughter in "She Was Too Young"

Dorothy Hyson is so youthful that as well as being Dorothy Dickson's daughter off stage, she is nearly always made to play a daughter on it. Her most famous was one of the Bennett daughters in *Pride and Prejudice*. More recently, she played one of the three modern daughters left a legacy in *Three Blind Mice*. She is now a Victorian daughter in *She Was Too Young*, which had its first night at Wyndham's yesterday. This play of a nineteenth-century family in a Welsh country house is by Laurier Lister and Hilda Vaughan (whose husband, Charles Morgan, has his first play due on September 1st). Miss Hyson's parents in the play are Edmund Gwenn and Marie Ney, her half-sister is Ann Todd. Esmé Percy, recovered from his accident, is also in the cast

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

GENERAL FRANCO has not yet announced his feelings about the British plan for the withdrawal of "volunteers" from Spain. This plan, which is the keystone of Mr. Chamberlain's foreign policy arch, provides for the counting of the volunteers and then for their progressive withdrawal from both sides in proportion to the ascertained numbers. The Barcelona - Valencia Government has accepted the plan in principle, but the gallant general maintains his capital imitation of Mr. Paul Robeson's Mississippi River. He must know something, but he don't say nothing.

IT is, of course, all to General Franco's advantage to delay the working of the scheme at present. His campaigns on the different fronts are depending more and more upon German and Italian aircraft and artillery, whereas it seems to be generally agreed that the Russian technicians on the Government side have mostly slipped off home as unobtrusively as possible during the last few months. The International Brigade remains, of course, but it is entirely composed of infantrymen and machine-gunners, and the man-for-man withdrawal of one infantryman for one airman would react very strongly against Franco's interests.

ON the other hand—and it is a very crucial point—if General Franco fails to ante-up, it will react very strongly against Mr. Chamberlain's interests. His whole political existence is staked upon his agreement with Mussolini, and that in turn is staked upon a "settlement" in Spain. If the "settlement" is not forthcoming, it will be just too bad.

GENERAL QUEIPO DE LLANO, the famous broadcasting general of Seville, seems to have actually taken the field at last, and is pushing forward in the direction of the Almaden quicksilver mines. These mines produce a very large proportion of the world's mercury, and as mercury is essential for the detonation of high explosives, Almaden is definitely a key-point in the Spanish war. Marshal Soult, Napoleon's Governor of Andalusia, made a lot of money by exploiting the Almaden mines before Wellington started to get rough in the Peninsula.

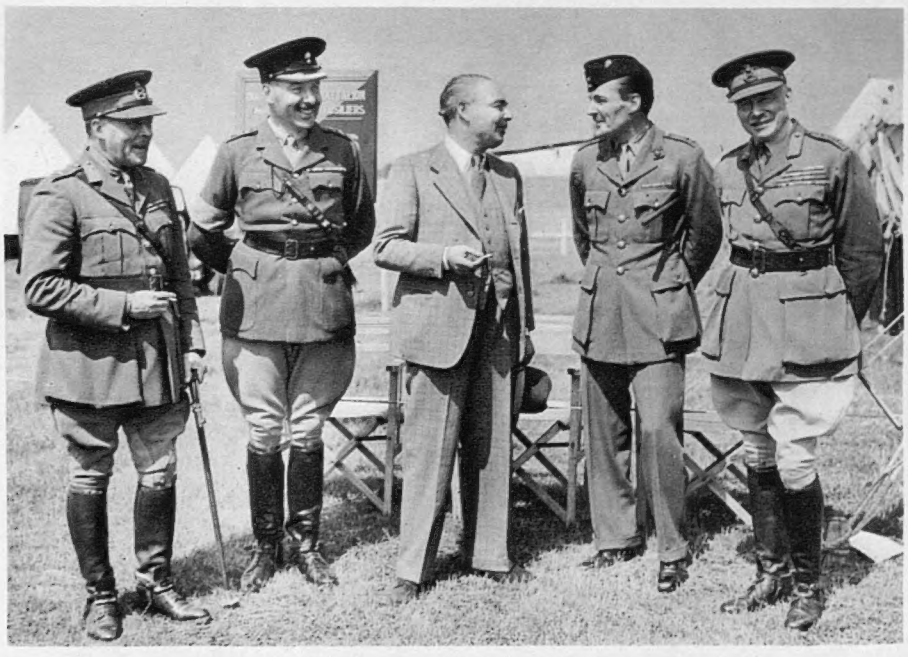
THE laurel-wreath for understatement is awarded this week to *The Times* correspondent in Burgos. "The action of the Spanish authorities," he writes, "in requisitioning ores produced by British companies for export to certain countries, particularly Germany—an inconvenient practice—has become much rarer." That "inconvenient practice" is terrific. I long for the day when a defendant at the Old Bailey shall be charged with the inconvenient practice of burglary.

The Dominions Secretary, *Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, decided to see for himself what the trouble was like in Palestine. He went out by the ordinary Imperial Airways route, visited the turbulent areas without taking hurt, stopped off at Malta on the way home and was met by sister Sheila when he arrived at Southampton; here, they are with the pilot. The trip should make food for questions next session*

NOW that Parliament has risen, it no longer seems quite so affronting to the national pride that English merchant-ships are being sunk without warning, but, just to keep the records straight, let us put it down on paper that the British ship Lake Lugano has been repeatedly bombed, set on fire, and finally sunk, by aeroplanes of the rebel side in Spain.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Manchester Guardian* writes to suggest that

(Concluded on page 242)



The War Minister, *Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, visited eleven military and Territorial camps last week, flying from place to place as busy as a bee. This picture shows him at Lympne, where the 1st (London) Infantry Brigade are in training; with him are Major-General Liardet, Brig.-General Britten, Lieut.-Col. J. A. E. Rolston, and the Director-General of the Territorial Army, General Sir Walter Kirke. The third gadabout Cabinet Minister, Sir Kingsley Wood, is on the next page*

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, *Sir John Simon, took a real holiday at North Berwick, playing his game of golf. He is seen on the fairway of the sea hole there with Lord Hutchison of Montrose, a fellow Liberal and ex-chief Liberal Whip*

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Sir Kingsley Wood of the Cabinet Volant

The temptation to caricature the Air Minister as a cherub was greatly enhanced when he won his official wings in the Cabinet reshuffle of April. Appropriately, he is the son of a Wesleyan minister, and he has been much connected with good works in his career, such as the introduction of the Early Closing Bill, the promotion of a memorial urging the sale of bread by weight, the chairmanship of committees on old-age pensions, on insurance, on separation allowances. He went into Parliament as a thirty-seven-year-old solicitor just twenty years ago, graduating from the L.C.C. He has held three Ministries—the Post Office (1931-35), Health, and now Air, and he reaches his newest to find a feverish military expansion in progress and to announce within three months as Minister the formation of the highly popular Civil Air Guard; on top of this comes the penetration of the ministry into Mayfair. Yet Sir Kingsley Wood has made time to fly hither and thither on inspection, and this tones in with a Cabinet whose Dominions Secretary hops to Palestine without warning and whose War Minister inspects three or four camps a day

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 240)

M. Hodza, the Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, should offer to send an elder Czech statesman—a retired President of the Board of Czechoslovak Trade, for example — to mediate between the Government of Ulster and the Catholic minority in that country. It is extremely difficult to think of a suitable answer to this ribaldry.

THE First Lord of the Admiralty is cruising away like billy-ho. He is likely to become the most famous itinerant First Lord in history. If he isn't cruising in the Admiralty yacht in one place, he is certain to be cruising in another. The Socialists are laying for him, incidentally, when Parliament reopens. They want to know if the taxpayer pays for Mr. Cooper's trips.

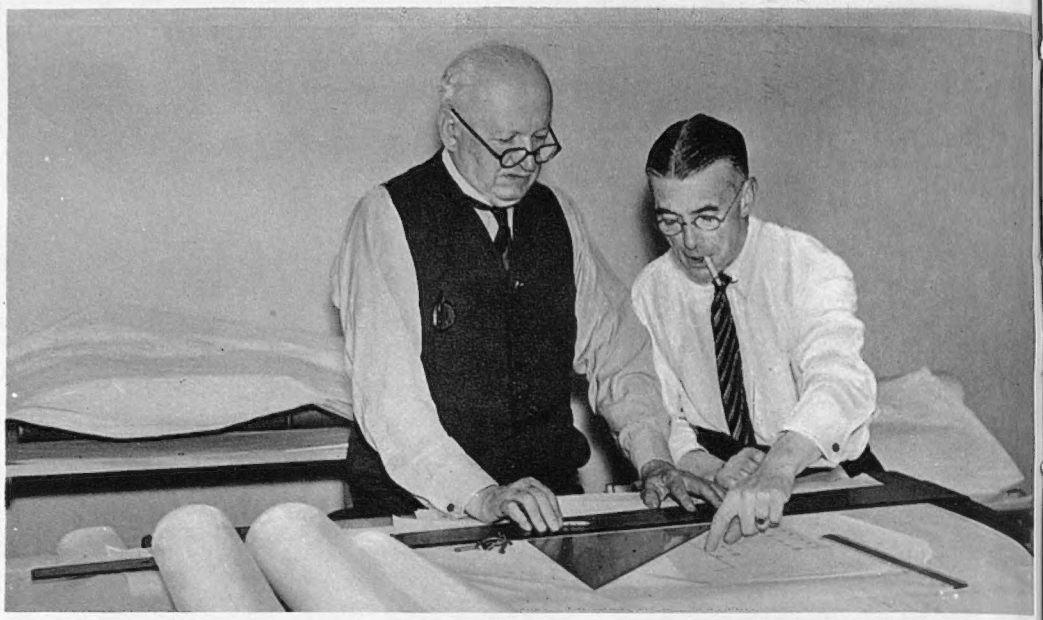
SIR JOHN HARRIS, indefatigable champion of the native and aboriginal all over the world, has produced a Basuto who is 140 years old. Sir John claims, with a lot of detail and several photographs, that this dusky gent is the oldest man in the world. I would like to support this claim, and I am in a position to know. For Mr. Wyndham Lewis and I were his fags at Eton (Keates's), and I have no doubt whatever that Mr. Lewis remembers as clearly as I do the day on which our revered master won the Brackenbury Scholarship at Balliol. Queen Victoria was born in the same week.

IT is a commonplace at the moment among authors and publishers to say that there is a slump in book-buying. But how can one account for the terrific success, within a week of publication, of Miss Daphne du Maurier's new novel *Rebecca*? The publishers have printed 40,000 copies before the date of publication, which is enormous, and there is no reason to suppose that it will stop short of 100,000. The cause is, I suspect, the very simple one that it is an extremely brilliant bit of work. In other words, there would be no slump in book-buying if books were a bit better.

THE Mullins case is really becoming absurd. It was a good silly-season topic. The comic antics of bureaucracy (I mean the officials of the court, not Mr. Mullins) are always a legitimate target. But it is rapidly expanding into a bore and is almost ranking with the Sandys case for sheer tedium.

THE death of Captain Bourne recalls a famous by-election when he and Mr. C. B. Fry and Mr. Kenneth Lindsay were the candidates. Mr. Lindsay was at that time one of the most famous of Corinthian wing-forwards, and athletics played a much larger part in the campaign than politics. Polling took place during Eights Week, and so perhaps it was only natural that the famous oar should have won, rather than the cricketer or soccer-player.

THE Soccer season is upon us again, and Littlewood's will be exercising their fatal fascination. I rather think I am going to concentrate upon Four Away Wins this season.

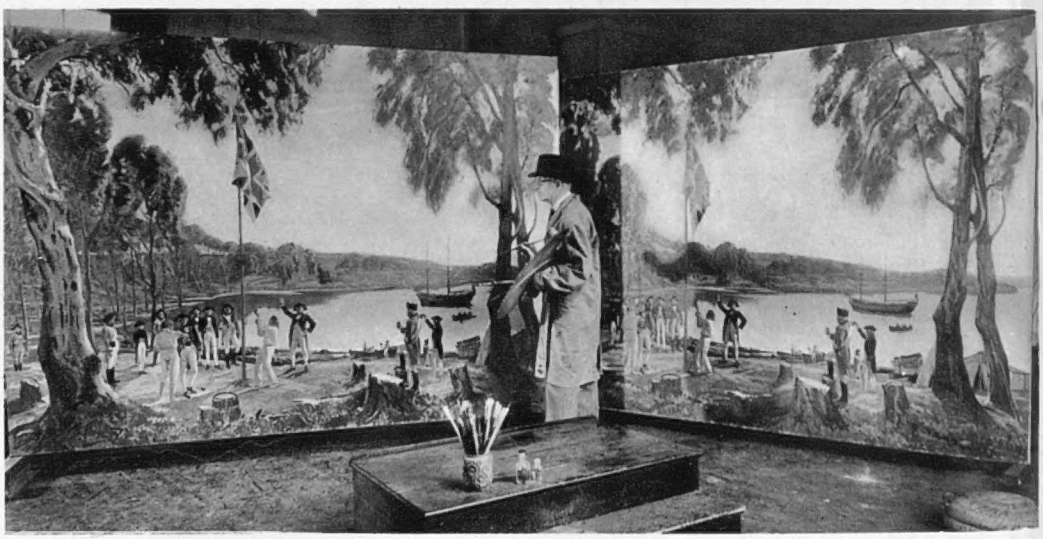


Sir Edwin Lutyens and Mr. Cecil Masey Plan the National Theatre

Sir Edwin Lutyens is giving his services as chief architect of the proposed National Theatre as his contribution to the National Shakespeare Memorial. He and his collaborator, Cecil Masey, are busy on the plans for the South Kensington site. It must be exercising all their ingenuity to compress into that surprisingly small plot of ground the large and small auditoriums, the "large and comfortable foyer," and the "capacious restaurant" which, as Mr. W. J. Turner pointed out in a recent article, are the first requirements in a National Theatre

THE most exciting announcement in the film world for many years is the news that Miss Garbo is to play Mme. Curie in a film by Mr. Aldous Huxley. This is certainly a combination of talents only equalled by Preston North End when they won the Football Association Cup in the 'eighties.

FOR the first time—happily—for some months, we have had to unlock the Sackcloth and Ashes Department. The key creaked in the rusty lock, and there were dust-sheets over all the furniture. When at last we had forced open the roll-top desk and taken the earwigs out of the ink, we got down to work. The point is that I owe an apology to the management of Wyndham's Theatre. Last week I said that they had announced in a poster that they would not show *George and Margaret* at any other theatre at cheap rates: what the poster actually said was that they would not show *George and Margaret* at any theatre where the Privilege Ticket Register operated. This is a very different kettle of fish. *George and Margaret* is opening very soon at the Piccadilly Theatre at cheap rates, but under the same management and not in any way connected with the P.T.R. So I present herewith my apologies to everybody concerned.



Mr. Algernon Talmage, R.A., Paints a Picture Twice Over

Last year, Algernon Talmage's "The Founding of Australia in January 1788," fetched top price at £2800 in the Royal Academy sales list. An Australian business man, Mr. Frank Albert, presented it to the Tate Gallery. Then he decided Australia ought to have it too, so commissioned a replica from the artist to give to the Australian Government. They will hang it in Parliament House, Sydney, when Mr. Talmage has got through his huge job of copying his own success

Personality News Reel

The Earl of Ava and His Mother

The son and heir of the Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava was born nearly six weeks ago. He was photographed with his mother outside their Hans Crescent house. His parents have been married eight years, and have two daughters

Fords on the Golf Course

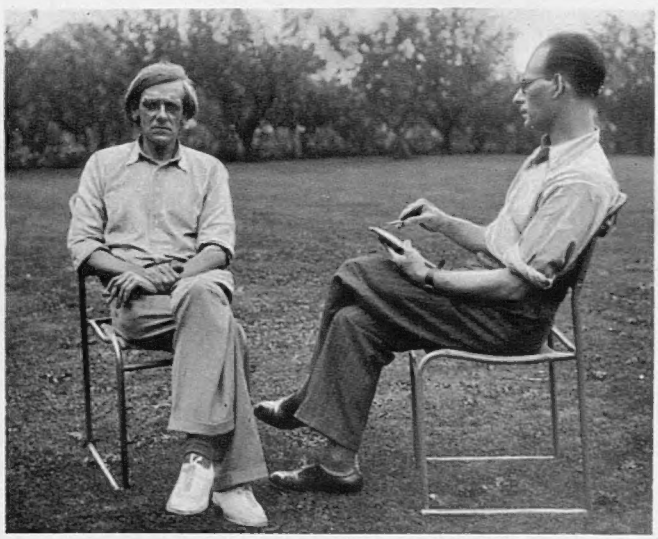
Mr. Edsel Ford and his young son William, son and grandson of Henry Ford, are on holiday in Scotland, and have been playing golf together on the Gleneagles Hotel courses

Film actor Lee Tracy is here to take Raymond Massey's part in "Idiot's Delight," opposite Tamara Geva (right); who met him at Waterloo. With him came his attractive wife (left)—Mrs. Helen Tomas of San Francisco before their recent wedding

Glasgow Motor Ride for the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester did an amusement-park round at the Glasgow Exhibition after staying with the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. They left England last Friday for their visit to Kenya to stay with Lord Francis Scott, the Duchess's uncle

Between lectures and conferences at the I.L.P. Summer School at Letchworth, James Maxton gave an outdoor sitting to the Palestine sculptor, Zeez Ben-Zvi, who is going to do a bust of him. Mr. Ben-Zvi has shown his work in the Royal Academy



Mr. Maxton, M.P., Sits for His Portrait

Arrival of Lee Tracy

Orange mattresses, *brown bodies, brief trunks and swim-suits dress Eden Roc*

A pinafore play-suit *is what Miss Betty Harbord wears when she's out of her bathing-suit. Walking over the Antibes gravel with her was French film-star Henri Garat. Miss Harbord comes from Yorkshire*

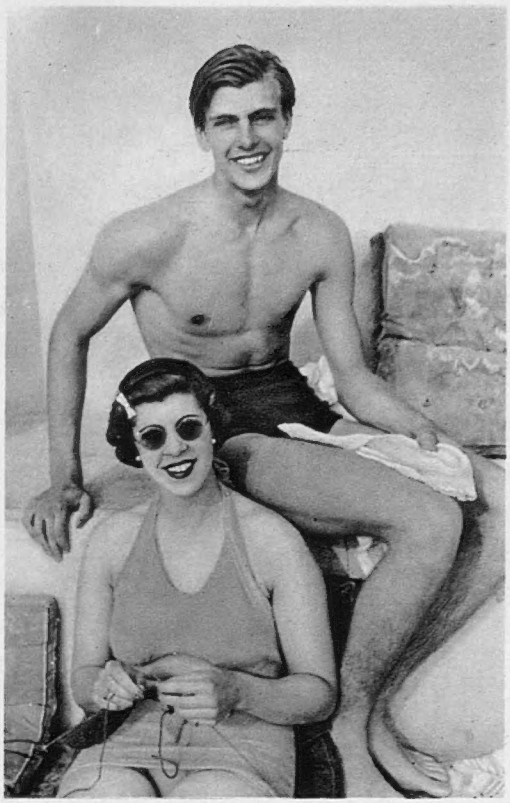
Wearing Their Holiday Clothes

Sun oil *is part of the Riviera costume; your friends will oil your back if you'll oil theirs. Miss Edith Lambart, niece of Field-Marshal Lord Cavan, had Mr. Charles Perry to give her massage*

Two piece *in flowered printed cotton looks nice on Miss Ruth Simpson, who went out from London with her sister, Mrs. Rubin. They are staying in Cannes*

One piece *of this year's telescopic brand is "modelled" by Mrs. Bernard Rubin, elder sister of Ruth Simpson. They sun-bathe together at Eden Roc*

A linen dress *buttoned from neck to hem reveals Miss Elsa Maxwell's freckled arms. The famous American hostess and party-maker takes a regular Riviera holiday*



Knitting *takes Miss Sylvia de Parva Rapozo's mind off how hot it is. She and her young brother Peter motored from England with their mother, are staying in Cannes, bathe and sun-bathe at Eden Roc. Peter Rapozo is at Harrow*

Peasant blouse and apron, *with spotted skirt, socks and sandals make up Miss Maria Cristina Walford's ensemble for Salzburg, where she is studying German. She is the daughter of the Duchess of Marcena, who lives in Kensington Palace Gardens*

Uncle and niece *at Frinton are fifteen-year-old Lord Rupert Nevill and four-year-old Marye Pepys. Her mother, Lady Angela Pepys, is Lord and Lady Abergavenny's only daughter*

Family tea *on the beach is a grand old Frinton tradition. On the right, Lady Mary Herbert entertains, on her lap, her godson, Stephen Fox-Stangways, with the mug, her nephew Giles Fox-Strangways, with the plate, her own son, Robin Herbert, and her niece, Tessa Fox-Strangways. The Fox-Strangways trio are Lord and Lady Stavordale's children*

Lady Mary Herbert, Her Son and Niece and Nephews

Back from Lunch at Denham

Pretty twenty-year-old June Duprez came out of the Denham canteen on the arms of cigarette-smoking John Clements, pipe-smoking Ralph Richardson, and they all went back to work after lunch. Work is London Films' *The Four Feathers*, which Zoltan Korda is directing in Technicolor from the famous A. E. W. Mason novel. June Duprez, in her first lead as Ethne, fiancée of white-feathered Harry Faversham, is an Alexander Korda discovery, and the daughter of comedian Fred Duprez. John Clements, after successes in *Knight Without Armour* and *South Riding* topping five years' steady film work, is cast for hero as Harry Faversham, who is branded as coward and retrieves his honour and the white feathers in the Sudan war. (Clements runs the Intimate Theatre in Palmer's Green.) Ralph Richardson brings his talent, humour and gift for matter-of-fact pathos to John Durrance, blinded in the Sudan and rescued from the desert by Faversham. C. Aubrey Smith is in the film too, as General Burroughes; at short notice he cancelled his return to America to play the part

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 84

Lord Loch

MAJOR-GENERAL LORD LOCH and Lord Willingdon are the two best-looking men of their age I know. I wrote Lord Willingdon's cameo the other day. Now it is Lord Loch's turn. He is six-foot-four and three-quarters, with magnificent moustaches and a still more magnificent laugh. "I am easily amused," he will tell you. "Thank God, anything makes me laugh—even being interviewed." To-day he is chairman of the Greyhound Racing Association, having succeeded Sir William Gentle ten years ago. At that time the G.R.A. officials were being heckled rather badly, so Lord Loch's acceptance of the post was bold and very much appreciated, for he brought prestige and common sense with him. Mind you, he has never betted on a greyhound in his life—but if it comes to that, no director of the G.R.A. has done so either. And he only backs horses when he is on the course.

The greater part of his life was spent as a professional soldier, though he never went through Sandhurst. At the Battle of Khartoum he was the signalling officer of the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, and got a D.S.O. as a lieutenant. I imagine, therefore, that the Dervishes must have been very close. One doesn't get a D.S.O. for nothing as a junior officer in the Brigade of Guards. In the Boer War he was shot in the foot, succeeded to the title, and became Divisional Signalling Officer to the South African Field Forces. By 1910 he had become Brigade Major of the 3rd Infantry Brigade. Three years later we find him as a Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel and also Lord-in-Waiting. In the Great War he was mentioned in despatches five times, getting the C.M.G., C.B.; and rose to the rank of Major-General. After sending in his papers after the war he became Captain of the King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard. To-day he works at least three days a week at the offices of the G.R.A., whose representative he has become in the National Greyhound Racing Society.

He is a good shot and fond of it. "You see, I am bloodthirsty," he says with a resonant laugh. Salmon-fishing is another of his hobbies. His idea of a holiday is having nothing to do, and he finds it very easy to be idle. Most of the time he smokes a pipe. He says that a single cigar will make him dizzy and give him a taste in his mouth for forty-eight hours afterwards. He likes bridge, but has no time for it. Hates the cinema but likes the theatre. He also has a full-blooded enthusiasm for eating and drinking. As a golfer he can only be described in the terms of beating the ground and air. In fact, he has only once won a game of golf in his life. He is also happily ignorant of anything to do with art. He adds that he is completely tone-deaf, and has more than once stood up for what he thought was the National Anthem, only to find that he was wrong. Altogether he enjoys life more thoroughly than almost anyone I know. He has a lovely place in the country, a son and heir, an excellent appetite, and the splendid gift of laughter. Even the slump couldn't stop him laughing. Indeed, if there had been a few more people like him there probably wouldn't have been a slump at all.

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Send along a small waiter—he wants to make a complaint "

SWISS INDEPENDENCE DAY, we gather from a spy in the Engadine, went off very well, with music, fireworks, and ringing of bells; a brave, wistful demonstration, because the Swiss will never throw off the British Empire's yoke, and well they know it. This is probably why they celebrate their Independence Day in August instead of during the winter sports season, when all the sun-brazed hearties and Fitness Girls are stamping and yodelling superbly round, monarchs of the Alps, the glaciers, and the snowy fields. The Swiss Consul at St. Moritz once told us that our huge, loud, healthy girls terrify the native minority most. He added that the natives deeply revere Arnold Lunn and Christopher Mackintosh, for the very reason that these huge girls are to such demi-gods no more than bits of fluff or snow-flakes to be brushed casually off one's sleeve, and that the Swiss will probably never rise, deeming the present, benevolent autocracy better than a reign of terror.

Max Beerbohm once developed a theory that it is their dreadful overhanging mountains which depress and cow the Swiss and deprive them of initiative, but history records that the Swiss have more than once risen quite bloodthirstily and fought people. (Their peace treaty with François I. in the 1500's, incidentally, is the only one which has never been broken.) Why they so tamely let themselves be annexed to the Empire we cannot conceive, unless it happened in that dreadful season when the five Crasher girls and Major and Mrs. Faughaugh and young " Stinker " Gadsworthy and Babs Hackington and Lady Ima Wayte and the Howle girls and the Rev. and Mrs. Timothy Teatime and the lovely Bumper twins descended on Mürren in one compact body and routed everybody.

Appeal

ONE of this year's Welch National Eisteddfod Druids fainted away in his green nightie during the opening ceremonies, poor heart, and we're not surprised. The pseudo-Druidic ritual with which the Gorsedd opens is pretty grim, and each year we expect to hear that the Archdruid has tried to blow a blast on the Horn of Plenty and collapsed in a shower of cardboard vegetables. Or else that some ardent citizen in the crowd, carried away by pagan frenzy, has called upon the rev. Druids to play the game and burn a Mrs. Yscogrrfydd Jones under the mistletoe in a wicker cage, as was the habit of those hairy savages. Or else that the Sword-Bearer has run amuk and carved a few Druids with whose theology he does not agree. Or else that the whole Victorian tomfoolery has been swept away in a tempest of laughter, for it's practically the most ridiculous exhibition on earth, worthy of its German origins and much less reasonable than the revived paganism of Herr Baldur von Schirach and the other Odin fans, who at least aren't Calvinist pastors in their spare time.

We say all this because we love the Welch very dearly and hate to see them making a show of themselves. Since Henry VIII. deprived them—and how easily!—of their independence, among other things, they've gone woozy and made little or no contribution to Celtic glory, leaving the Irish, the Bretons, and the Scots to keep the flag flying. (And because their fellow-countryman Caradoc Evans told them they were a nation of performers on the penny whistle they wanted to tear that honest man limb from limb, instead of inviting him to run the show.) It makes us sad to see all those qualities of heart and imagination wasted on futilities, and we suggest the Welch initiate a fresh start by abolishing the Gorsedd and sending the Druids back to their pulpits. We may add that we have a permanent bodyguard consisting of Razor Charley and Izzy the Rap, two toughish eggs hired from a newspaper peer, so it's little use the Welch trying to get us. As a last resort we shall hide in Surrey, like their most eminent modern representative, but we don't want to go into Surrey unless we're forced. Who does?

" Got 'im ! "

Trove

THE first whoops of triumph at finding a couple of bits of gold being over, it seems that Old George Sea is having his usual fun with the chaps who are trying to get at the Lutine's treasure down under the sea off the Dutch coast. As we write, scoop after scoop of sand and shells is rewarding the engineers (" a matter of Lutine," as the Chinese say), and they now say, not too hopefully, the next fortnight will show if the venture is a success or not. As we said before, we can't bring ourselves to care very much if it isn't, holding as we do that the lust for gold is squalid, ill-bred, and odious; but as this flatly contradicts the teaching of practically every leader of Modern Thought, we may be wrong. However, we're pretty glad we didn't put any money into a South Sea treasure expedition some chaps were trying to put over us a few years ago. At the last moment a wise old man urged us to tear up our cheque, and he was right. The treasure boys got nothing but fever and a few bites from enormous crabs, amid huge laughter from the ugly blackavised shades of the pirates who buried the stuff.

Apropos gold and good form : when we joined the BYSTANDER A. G. Macdonell took us aside and said to us : " We are all gentlemen here. Never, never mention money," and to this day, apart from throwing a few wistful glances at the Editor (who nods genially back), we never have.

News

ONE of the many things which amaze and amuse foreigners about our Press is the prominent space Fleet Street gives every day to our dumb friends, noble horses and lonely kittens and clever bow-wows and birdies without a mother, and " inside " news from the Zoo. We noticed the other day that the heart of Auntie *Times*, leading Organ of Opinion and semi-official mouthpiece of Government, was so touched by the cleverness of an Airedale named Tim, who lives in Alton, Hants, that she gave him a sizeable paragraph on her principal page, along with the Prague Mission, the Sudeten problem, the Russo-Japanese imbroglio, the Heat Wave, the latest developments in Spain, and all the big hot news. Tim, a doggie owned by a retired Indian Forestry Commissioner, gave himself up to the police because he wasn't wearing a collar with his name and address on it, and in our estimation such a dog is a plumb fool and Auntie a big old silly. " Airedale's Spot of Bother With the Police," she headed it—a nice thing for serious readers like ourselves and world opinion to contemplate !

But it illustrates the sinister trend of things. More and more slop over animals, less and less pity for human beings. One baby per day on an average is now abandoned in our streets, and the people who want to prevent their happening at all are becoming more and more powerful. We probably risk gaol by even mentioning this.

Attraction

BRIGHTON, a town we love very doggedly, has acquired a strange new fascination for us since we read Mr. Graham Greene's latest novel. We thought we knew the Stockbroker's Paradise as well as anybody, its raffish engaging past and its present more homely but still irresistible charm ; but we didn't know much about the Brighton underworld, which is apparently like a miniature Chicago. Somewhere behind that festive sweep of seafront from Kemp Town to the genteel lawns of Hove are the slums where the racing gangsters plot and slash and do each other in, not crudely and messily with guns, but just as effectively ; and if Mr. Greene is right there 's practically nothing to choose between the Brighton gangster and his Chicago prototype for steely ruthlessness. In our view Brighton Corporation and the Southern Railway ought to capitalise this extra attraction, using that brightly neon - lighted publicity kiosk of theirs at Victoria Station to begin with. Side by side with their sunshine - statistics they might display with equal pride a few confidential returns from Brighton police headquarters.

It had always been our fixed impression that those ominous, enigmatic figures you sometimes see in the amusement pavilions on the piers, or, late at night, on the front, walking quickly, quietly, and with purpose, or in cryptic side-glancing conversation in certain bars—we always thought these chaps were simply down from Town for the racing, along with the stockbrokers and show-girls. If they 're a local industry, like the pottery at Lower Dicker and the trug-baskets at Hurstmonceux and the Fifth-of-November orgies at Lewes, they ought to get a better show than they do. One certified killer on exhibition in the Dome would draw more visitors than any amount of illuminated tramcars, is our gentle, mousy conviction.

Dope

CONSIDERING what advertising revenue is represented by the twenty to thirty millions of pounds' worth of bogus nostrums, curing everything from cancer to unrequited love, which the British pour down their artless gullets every year, it was decent of the Fleet Street boys, we thought, to line up so enthusiastically alongside Lord Horder in his recent attack on the quacks. The anger of the *Express* at such frauds on the public was almost oppressively noble. To do them justice, the more reputable papers do refuse the more monstrously cynical quacks' ads. ; but even so the annual sales of bogus remedies are stupendous, and the effect of some quack ads. on the innocent and trustful is as harmful, in many ways, as the effect of the reading-matter next door.

Lord Horder's attack didn't rouse the Government to any notable crusading frenzy. Their spokesman in the Lords thought it would be difficult to guarantee effective legislation against quack advertising, but suggested that " some warning about the abuse of drugs " might be incorporated into the Fitness Campaign instead. This would be less unkind, of course. We refuse to notice the vile suggestion of some unpatriotic cad who suggested to us last week that it would also remove a lot of embarrassment when future Honours Lists have to be compiled.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Woo-hoo ! Time to get up ! "

Camping Season : Girl Guides Under Canvas in Hatfield Park

Tea-Time: *Lady Marjorie Stopford and two Guides are on bread-and-jam duty*

The Beauty of the Camp

"Beauty" Jumps for Safety During Fire Drill

***Campcraft** includes the fixing of hanging meat-safes, fly- and rat-proof*

Girl Guides, like their Scout brothers, are inveterate campers, especially in August, and this Public Schools camp, in the park of Lord Salisbury's Hatfield House, in Hertfordshire, is typical of dozens more. English schoolgirls were the backbone of it, but many Guides came from abroad (see picture on right) to spend a fortnight under canvas. Commandant was Lady Somers, Girl Guide Commissioner for Schools and Colleges. (Her husband, Lord Somers, has been Deputy Chief Scout for Great Britain since 1936.) Other Guiders on the camp staff were Lord Courtown's half-sister, Lady Marjorie Stopford, and Lord Radnor's sister Lady Elizabeth Pleydell-Bouverie

Another Jump Tests the Blanket Holders

***Woodcraft** gives Guides a chance to play the irresistible old game of Red Indians in the bracken*

***Knotting** or the solution of an international entanglement absorbs Cecile Churchill (Australia), Evelyn Whelpston (France), Alice Wimpfheimer (Switzerland), and Natalie McGavin-Greig (South Africa)*

***Planning** next day's time-table are these five camp leaders, whose armament varies from dirk to latchkey. They are Lady Somers, Miss E. Wethered, Miss C. Massie, Lady Elizabeth Bouverie, and Lady Marjorie Stopford*

Films of the Day

Youth at the Helm

By George Campbell

Let me begin with a confession. For years, while everybody has been purring "Isn't he clever!" and "What a sweet child!" I have loathed Freddie Bartholomew's insides. Or, to be fair, the part the poor unfortunate always had to play—the pious, polysyllabic, psalm-singing English boy, technically described as a little gentleman.

Quite suddenly I have taken a vast liking to him, and it is all the result of seeing *The Boy from Barnardo's*. Once again we begin on a sentimental—not to say unctuous—note; but in no time at all we realise that the boy in the topper, "Lord Jeff," is just one of a gang of jewel thieves; and the end of the first reel finds him, a very impious character indeed, undergoing training for the mercantile marine at Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and getting pretty tough about it.

Here one of his classmates is Mickey Rooney, complete with a very creditable Irish accent. Odd though it is to find the Irish upholding the stout old British tradition, it is Mickey who proves the good influence in the young crook's life. The gradual awakening of the boy's interest in his work, his realisation of the value of friendship and boyish codes of honour, are suggested without any mawkish preaching, and there is nothing forced or sentimental about his regeneration.

One or two critics have been complaining, in fact, that he remains unregenerate too long, allowing another boy to take the blame for something he did himself and generally behaving like a little cad. Well, that's the way you expect a young crook to behave, isn't it? For myself, I was grateful the producer did not have him develop a halo the moment somebody trots out a few lines about *esprit de corps*, the old Barnardo's tie, and the sacred task of the merchant marine. Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney apart, there is a Cockney urchin called Terry Kilburn, the son of a London 'bus driver, who reveals an endearing personality and the acting talent that seems to belong to all young people until they turn actors.

Boys dominate the scene again in *Little Tough Guy*, a sort of junior *Dead End*. Set in the slums of New York, it shows the dreary, hopeless lives of the very poor; shows, too, the evolution of the gangster. Of the half-dozen boys in the gang we meet, none is really bad. Some of them are fine characters at heart—brave and loyal, only needing the right outlet for enterprise and courage to become valuable members of society. As it is, led by a boy embittered by the execution of his father, they pass from window-smashing and stealing from barrows to organised robbery; and before long two of them are fighting a gun battle with the police. The end is, perhaps, not quite so convincing as the rest; but a slightly improbable happy ending is a small blemish on a film distinguished by rare observation, and some remarkably fine acting.

The boys are the gang we saw in *Dead End*. They came from the East Side themselves. There is not a gesture or a note in their voices that does not ring true. Jackie Searl, as a rich boy looking for a thrill, is equally assured, and it is fair to assume that a good deal of the credit belongs to the director, Harold Young. This, I presume, is the same Harold Young—small, thin, and very quiet—who directed *The Scarlet Pimpernel* for Alexander Korda when that eminent personage took the job away from Rowland Brown, the man who made *Quick Millions*.

Crazy comedy is amusing if fresh; almost everybody likes crook stuff. Combine the two, as in *There's Always a Woman*, and you get delicious light entertainment. You may point out that the plot—or at least the characterisation—owes a good deal to *The Thin Man*. I don't care. I laughed more than I have laughed at anything for months. Joan Blondel is the detective's wife, trying to solve the mystery for herself, and involving both of them in the most frightful predicaments without ever doing anything too impossible for belief, and as twist follows twist, and laugh follows laugh, and bodies fall from cupboards, you find yourself back again in the palmy days of William Powell and Myrna Loy.

Film producers are odd people. They have just discovered that Bing Crosby can act. There is a little singing in *Sing, You Sinners*, but for all the effect it has on the story Mr. Crosby might as well be a juggler or a fan dancer. It is a straightforward comedy of a likeable good-for-nothing: how, after years of loafing, he leaves home with the assurance that he will get a steady job and send for his mother and small brother; and how, when they sell up and cross the Continent, they find he has swapped his business for a racehorse. His mother and elder brother take this badly, but as it leads to a thrilling race and a pretty good scrap with some crooks, everything is for the best in the best of all Bing Crosby films—at least, that's how I felt about it

"There's Always a Woman"

Owing a good deal to "The Thin Man," "There's Always a Woman" is a mixture of crazy comedy and crime. Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell (here) are the matrimonial couple who make rival detectives and Mary Astor plays a side part. The film is noticed on this page and went to the Regal ten days ago

From the lane-loitering caravan of the gipsy to the motor-trailer of today—another revolutionary advance due to Dunlop; typical of the changes innumerable brought about by the invention of the pneumatic tyre by Dunlop in 1888.

1888 1938 DUNLOP 50 YEARS OF GROWTH

C.F.H.

A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT. B, THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Cannons of Hollywood

The Lady Russell of Liverpool

Lady Russell of Liverpool is the good-looking second wife of the second baron, who succeeded his eighty-six-year-old grandfather in 1920. The barony was created in 1919 in favour of the then Sir Edward Russell, the famous editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury*. Lady Russell was Joan Ewart before her marriage five years ago, daughter of the late Dr. David Ewart of Chichester. She and her husband have a two-year-old daughter, Crystal, and he has a son and daughter by his first marriage. They live at Cheyne House, on Chelsea Embankment, and spend most of their out-of-London time sailing. Lord Russell of Liverpool is a Barrister of Gray's Inn, was appointed Military Assistant to the Judge Advocate General's Department in 1934

Paddock Parade at Deauville

Mrs. Hugh Pickering

For her photograph she stood up from under the big sun-umbrella where she sat at a paddock table. She was Joan Rex, of Hollywood, until she married a few weeks ago

American Marquise

The Marquise di Sommi-Picenardi always carries a parasol for summer racing, wears an unusual square watch from the lapel of her all-white suit. She is American-born

Miss Atherton and the Maharaja of Rajpipla

Miss Ella Atherton was neat in black-striped white, with a big black hat. From its shade she watched the racing and the cosmopolitan panorama of Deauville racegoers, with the smiling Maharaja of Rajpipla as escort

If You Want to Know the Time—

—Ask Miss Scarlett Gresham, whose handbag said it was two o'clock. Mr. George Kennard took his hat off to receive the information. He is in the 4th Queen's Own Hussars, youngest son of Sir Coleridge Kennard

From England

Patricia Lady Cottenham wore a long white coat to protect her against six o'clock coolness when she went on to watch polo after the racing was over

If You Want a Buttonhole—

Pick a bit of honeysuckle in the paddock, like Mme. André Rueff. This attractive Frenchwoman was encouraged in her pretty thieving by M. Jean Don, Hungarian caricaturist and racing regular

Taking the weir downstream is quick but may be wet

The Water Way

In the growing roar of the machine age and the quickening rattle of railway trains all over the world, John MacGregor published in 1866 his *Rob Roy* and subsequent books, describing how he wandered the waterways of Europe in a canoe. Since then, the sport has grown like a house on fire, immeasurably helped by post-war standards of dress and morality, by the post-war urge into sun and air. Few rivers in central Europe have not now been "explored" by bronzed Argonauts. At evening they arrive in canoes—some collapsible, all portable; the men get out the provisions, make a fire, put up tents; the women prepare meals, wash and mend clothes. Next morning they are off in the cool early sunshine. Up the Rhine to the Black Forest and down the Danube to the Black Sea; up the Seine almost to Dijon and down the Saône and the Rhône to the Mediterranean—these are the more spectacular and energetic voyages, but there is also charm in pottering along a sleepy stream in the Vosges or the Bohemian Forest

Photographs by Landau, Paris, and Glogar, Prague

Taking it upstream is wet and hot

Irina Baronova a

New Studies in Six Covent Garden Ballets

Photographs by Anthony

Baronova Curled and Be-Ribboned for Balanchine's "La Concurrence"

Another "Concurrence" Study

In Balanchine's "Cotillon"

In Fokine's "Le Coq d'Or"

d Anton Dolin

Last Saturday the Russian ballet company at Covent Garden—impossible to call it "the Educational company": someone must take possession of it at least nominally—said good-bye to its last-night audience after an eight weeks' London season. Baronova has danced brilliantly this year, bringing an ever-growing artistry to her amazing technique and her versatility, and a deeper serenity and feeling to the clean beauty of her classical work. She has had no new parts to create but has taken over several, including Danilova's rôle in *L'Oiseau de Feu*, and Toumanova's in *La Concurrence*. Anton Dolin did not dance with the company at Covent Garden, but is going with them to Australia. They sail on Friday for a six months' tour, on the track well laid two years ago by the then second de Basil Company. There is as potentially eager a public for ballet out there as this company has found for itself here and in America, and conditions in Australia, with seasons of several weeks in each important centre, are vastly preferable to the endless exhausting journeys and "one-night stands" of the American winter tour

Dolin and Baronova in Massine's "Les Présages"

In "Le Lac des Cygnes"

Baronova as the Firebird and Anton Dolin as Ivan Tsarevitch in "L'Oiseau de Feu"

With the Services (No. 19)

Gas and Anti-Gas

The first of a series of anti-gas demonstrations staged for Norman Parkinson, who took these pictures specially for the "Bystander"

Gas Warning

On receiving warning that a gas attack (by artillery or aircraft) is beginning, the soldiers run orderly to their proofed trench. If it can be presumed from the mackintoshes that the day is rainy, the enemy has chosen badly, for rain helps to wash gas away

Gas Refuge

The homely scene in a gas-proof trench depicts a section taking it easy below ground. The curtain of the gas lock (directly beyond the sergeant) is lowered. The gas-mask haversacks are at the alert position. A candle burns steadily, using up oxygen. Soon it will be the turn of these men to fix respirators and go to relieve their fellows in the poisoned atmosphere above

Gas Men

On the opposite page are two men of the gas age. Their oil-skins enable them to go unharmed in places contaminated by blister gases. Aid is needed in putting on these complicated suits, as recommended in the A.R.P. handbook, "Personal Protection," which also coyly advises gas-fighters to "attend to wants of nature" before donning the proofed clothes. Parkinson's comment on his picture is: "With the wilderness of Salisbury Plain as background and the portion of brickwork to the left, it only requires a hip-bone and a chest of drawers somewhere to be styled surrealist"

"The Boy from Barnardo's"

M.-G.-M.'s film received almost universally good notices when it went to the Empire ten days ago. Do not be put off by the photograph of Freddie Bartholomew as an elder Fauntleroy, nor by the big-eyed cherub Terry Kilburn (who is a London bus-driver's son). They and the other kids in the picture show they can act—and fight, too, if necessary. There is a good cohesive story of how the sea as career triumphs over robbery (v. the scene below). Very English in story, setting and cast is *The Boy from Barnardo's*

The Naval School Under Discipline

Bartholomew and Gale Sondergaard

Freddie Bartholomew as Lord Jeff

Mickey Rooney of the Naval School

Terry Kilburn, English Starlet

The Naval School Out of Hand: Rooney, Charles Coburn and Bartholomew

On the Moors you will observe that Wills's Gold Flake
is the Man's cigarette that Women like

IN SIBERIA ONE DRINKS KOUMISS . . ★

. . . WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppes

★ Koumiss is a fermented drink which starts life as mare's milk, and ends it as something much less innocent. It's famous from Golchikha to the Gobi desert; but sensible Siberians give it the Go-bi when a sleigh full of Schweppes arrives.

WHEREVER YOU ARE . . . THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes

"Bystander" Short Story No. 152

A Public Benefactress

By V. S. Pritchett

Illustrated by S. R. Badmin

"READING?" my Aunt Laura used to say to me. "What are you reading? Put that book down! Hold your shoulders straight and be sociable. Stuffing your head up with words!"

She was, nevertheless, a great reader herself. Though she never read inside her own home, outside it she read everything she could lay eyes on—chiefly, indeed invariably, public notices. She read them aloud.

I think my Aunt Laura had read aloud all the public notices in every seaside town in the south of England.

Often I have been with her on these tours of declamation. We would get out of the train and hope to rush to the sea-front; but there was no hurrying Aunt Laura. She moved slowly and momentously—in her navy-blue costume, placid and big, she was like a policeman—upon other purposes. Before we had gone five yards she would halt. A large notice on a white post had stopped her.

"Under the Railway Companies Act, 1852, Section 5, any persons found trespassing on the permanent way," she would begin. She gave an iambic majesty to this longer kind of notice, treating it as if it were a death sentence. And going through to the curt "By Order" at the end, she would turn the matter over in her mind and then give a small nod of approbation, rather like royalty at the opening of a hospital.

"Here," she would say to me, "come away from that fence."

Then we would move on. You imagine us just leaving the station yard, but not quite. For once more we would stop. Another white board on another white post.

"Private!" my Aunt would declaim. "No admittance." A few more yards and we stopped again. "Cyclists Forbidden," she would read. We felt she had caught us nearly being cyclists. Or perhaps it would be "Anyone Found Damaging this Fence . . ."

So we would pass through the public literature of the town: "Trespassers Will be Prosecuted," "Stick no Bills," "On this Site stood the Eight Bells Inn, where . . .", "No Vehicle Weighing more than 2 Tons shall Cross this Bridge," "Ancient Lights," "Welcome to ——on-Sea," and "Throw no Rubbish on the Foreshore."

The process was automatic with her. Her literacy was rampant. One day we came upon a house on the wall of which was printed in huge letters, from chimney to the ground, "The Wages of Sin is Death."

"Stop scraping your feet," my Aunt Laura said to me when she had repeated and considered these words.

My aunt's love of all notices was not undiscriminating. She distinguished between private and corporate enterprise. Those faint crayon notices of whist drives, lost cats, bargains in boots, rooms to let, and false teeth wanted, the litter of private advertisement, drew from her, as a rule, only a murmur, unless there was a shortage of the other sort. I have rarely known her driven to reel off the dialogue of a hoarding. The official was what she preferred; the warning of corporations; the melancholy and eternal nagging of institutions; the prose of town councils. She got the utmost out of them. She liked them best if a fine was mentioned. She could put more expression into a fine than anyone I know. And to hear her say "No bathing west of this point" was to see a whole coastline obliterated; her "Undressing on the beach forbidden" was like the opening broadside of a Baptist sermon; her "Lift out of order" and "Beware of steam roller" brought one back to the serious things in life. To stand with her in an empty church and hear her recite "Here Lieth the Mortal Remains" in a voice that echoed down the aisles, and to see her gazing at the words with an air of profound self-congratulation, was to have a new light on the authority of death.

(*Concluded on page ii*)

"In no other place was concentrated such a mass of public injunction, guidance and general information"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Jacobite's Return

By V. S. Pritchett

If there is one certainty in the mass of uncertainties which surround the story of the abdication of Edward VIIIth, it is that within a year or less of its occurrence the subject has been forgotten. A stranger might conclude that, perfidious abroad, Albion was also perfidious at home, and that we are a people of little depth of feeling. This may be so, but there is nothing the English mind likes less than a crisis, and we are always haunted afterwards by the feeling that if we have done the right thing, it is for the wrong reasons and too late. To explain the collapse of the abdication as an important subject and the transference of popular feeling to the present monarch, requires no ingenuity. In England our loyalty and our understanding is for institutions and not for people. Our very law of libel, by protecting people, institutionalises them, and that is what we like.

For this reason, Mr. Compton Mackenzie's brilliant defence of the Duke of Windsor, in *The Windsor Tapestry* (Rich and Cowan; 16*s.*), his indignation at the manner of the Duke's dismissal, and his anger at the attacks of the Archbishop and of journalists like Mr. Hector Bolitho and Mr. Beverley Baxter, seems to me wrong-headed for all its chivalry. Mr. Mackenzie's is the intemperance of a more romantic age; and there is a dash of something sinister too in this Jacobite defence of Hanover. He saw—he says "Many of us saw"—a potential leader. If this is so one can only say that the whole meaning of the English position in Europe to-day is against these emotional octopuses. We do not want leaders. And the Bedaux affair, which Mr. Mackenzie does not mention, was a discouragement to those who had not joined the provincial witch hunt.

About the divorces, Mr. Mackenzie makes the most of the equivocations of Anglican history, but his view, coming from a Catholic, looks either reckless or cynical. It is one of his far too many debating points. When, as his long account of the picaresque passages of the history of the House of Hanover shows, he is undoubtedly right in stating that morganatic marriage *has* been accepted in England, the answer is simply that the nature of the monarchy has changed. And, again, though Lord Baldwin is amusingly compared to "a mastiff bewildered by an open parasol moving across a lawn in the May breeze, and like the most courageous mastiff in such an emergency of the untutored mind" flying "from the inexplicable phenomenon," the lesson that stands out a mile is that the Earl's handling of the situation, granted the view he took, was not that of a muddling humbug, but of a masterly tactician.

History, of course, may not take the Baldwin view, but history will have the advantage which no one, except the necessarily secretive actors in the drama, has at the moment: a knowledge of all the facts and the liberty to write them. On a much higher plane, Mr. Mackenzie's book is as vague as Mr. Hector Bolitho's egregious volume.

Watching the Play

Capt. E. H. ("Bunny") Tattersall, author of "Europe at Play," was beaming on one of the playgrounds he describes—the racecourse at Deauville. With him is Albert, the famous head-waiter, who has reopened another playground—the Deauville version of Ciro's

Mr. E. H. Tattersall's *Europe at Play* (Heinemann; 12*s.* 6*d.*) photographs the rich amusing themselves at St. Moritz and the Lido, etc., etc., and gossips about them. The food, as Sir Hugh Walpole says in a peculiarly detached foreword, is a good deal more interesting than the people. My own tastes are with the late Ernest Lewis. It is a considerably greater distinction to be a gyr-falcon, the aristocrat among hawks, than a banker at the Ritz bar, for the world abounds in bankers, but gyr-falcons are few, temperamental, difficult to capture and to rear. There were said to be only one or two pairs left in Iceland when Lewis went after them. His book, *In Search of the Gyr-Falcon* (Constable; 12*s.* 6*d.*), is not merely the work of the pure sportsman and scrupulous naturalist, but has the unpretentious charm of all his writing. His climbs to the eyries of West Iceland, his account of bringing the eyasses to England, and his unspoiled eye for the scene, have a fascination. And Lewis had the gift, rare among experts, of making the technicalities of his pursuit pleasing and even exciting to the ignorant reader. Most of the ornithologists are bores even, one suspects, to other ornithologists, but Ernest Lewis was not.

Miss Daphne du Maurier's new novel, *Rebecca* (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a lovely specimen for those who are interested in the anatomy of the best-seller. By Ethel M. Dell out of the Brontës and written with the pedal down from the word "Go," the book tells in the first person how a young woman rushed into marriage when she was scarcely out of school and was still biting her finger-nails. Her husband was an aristocratic widower of forty who was trying to forget, but who was evidently only too acutely remembering. From Monte Carlo they arrived at the family place, and there, with genuine feeling, she describes her jealousy of the beautiful dead wife and her tortures when the county called and dropped the inevitable bricks. (In Devonshire bricks seem to be delivered by the cartload.) And so it goes on until—a master-stroke of story-telling—the girl discovers that her husband is engaged not in adoring his dead wife's image, but in remembering a murder. Miss du Maurier knows how to write melodrama to perfection, and her young girl, a certain unconscious snobbery apart, is well done. But she is the only character who has any reality. It is not, of course, the mission of the popular romantic novel to describe reality. That mission is the making of fanfasies in which repressed or thwarted wishes are fulfilled, especially the social and erotic ones. But there are others. People wish for opportunities of vicarious cruelty, suffering and guilt. They wish to see their own self-pity idealised. It was the brutality of Rochester which attracted Jane Eyre and thousands of masochistic readers. Miss du Maurier is expert, but she is nowhere near the Brönte level. She has, however, borrowed some of the stage effects, notably the fire at the end. (Perhaps this kind of wishing always ends in arson?) All the stock figures are present. There is the haunted husband, the death's-head housekeeper, the drunken cousin ("Have a care—have a care, Favell," says the Colonel when that rotter Favell starts blackmailing), the faithful, tongue-tied friend, not to mention Rebecca, whose crimes, the husband says, "I shall not repeat to a living soul." A disappointment, but what fun we had guessing. There is no doubt that Miss du Maurier knows her job.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

Prepare for cooler days and a sharp frost first thing in the morning, by buying a fur-trimmed suit from Woollands, Knightsbridge. The model on the right is made in a soft leaf-brown wool frieze with nutria pockets and revers. A high-buttoning waistcoat with a small military collar distinguishes the close-fitting jacket, while the skirt is quite plain apart from an inverted pleat in front. New tweeds for Scotland and country wear in general are now being shown, and during August suits made in Woollands' own workrooms will be quoted at special mid-season prices. This firm have prepared an illustrated catalogue, which will gladly be sent free of charge. It includes some of their smartest models and is well worth writing for. A delightful tailored cardigan suit in fine hopsack tweed with a bird's-eye design is reduced to eight and a half guineas, while six and a half guineas is the cost of a smart tweed coat with a herringbone pattern

Young and Innocent

In the days when people could afford large families the youngest member fared very badly so far as clothes were concerned, as he or she was made to wear a series of cast-offs. Times have changed, however, and to-day the modern child is encouraged to take a keen interest in her wardrobe. Some mothers may disapprove of this idea on the grounds that it produces self-consciousness and precocity, but this need not be the case, and it is a great pity to quench what might afterwards prove a definite asset. In other words, if you want your children to have a flair for dress when they are older, let them acquire it young

Birthdays are things to be remembered when one is very young, as they mean presents, a party and a large cake covered in icing. The Birthday Queen in the above picture wishes all sorts of exciting things as she cuts the first slice. Her dress is made of fine ecru lace with a short, fluffy skirt over rose-pink satin. Frills outline the bodice and sleeves, while a turquoise-blue velvet ribbon ties round her waist. This frock comes from the Juvenile Department on the second floor at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, and can be made in any size from four years upwards. Her companion is dressed in a simple crêpe de Chine buster-suit from the same department. This is available in white or pastel shades, hand-scollaped in a contrasting colour. It costs 59s. 6d. for the smallest size and is suitable for a boy of two to five years

Children's fashions change quite as much as those of their parents, and this year there is a strong feeling in favour of short party frocks, like the one already described, also darker colours, instead of nothing but white and pastel tones. For ordinary everyday wear, Marshall and Snelgrove are showing frocks with knickers to match in printed Viyella. One of their newest designs is shown on the right. This is piped in a plain colour which picks up the pattern, and costs from 29s. 6d., according to the size. The little girl who is saying good-bye wears a flecked tweed coat with velvet ruching in a darker shade outlining the collar. Her gnome cap is of the same material laced and piped with velvet. Marshall and Snelgrove specialise in all types of children's clothes, and are expert in designing attractive bridesmaids' frocks and page-boy suits

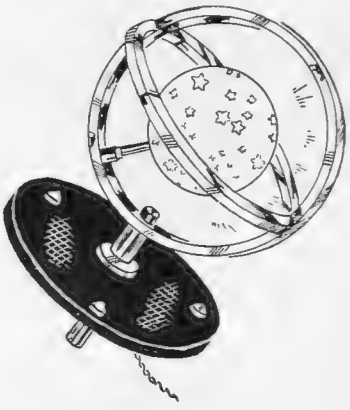
Dover Street Studios

the bystander twins in search of Novelties

discovered by zeta

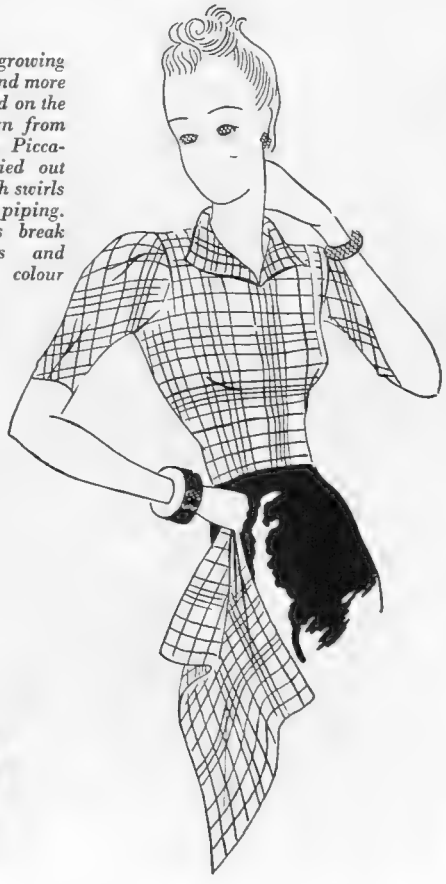
pictured by pam

Here is something which will add greatly to the success of your next party. "You have been warned" is the keynote of this gaily-coloured whisky-set from the Gift Department at Harrods, Knightsbridge. The decanter and eight glasses cost 52s. 6d., hand-painted with traffic lights and road signs depicted in mixed fruit. There is also a spirit-proof tray in cellulosed wood, repeating the same design, for 30s.



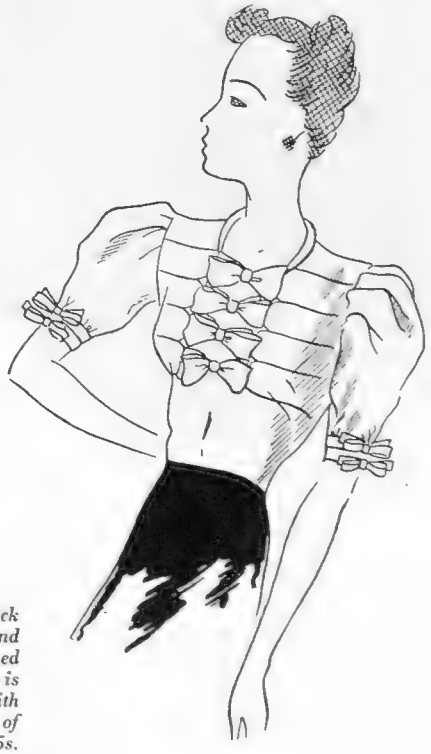
Those of you who are interested in astronomy should invest in a planet table-lamp from Harrods. The one sketched above is a map of the heavens, and costs 27s. 6d. It reflects a soft blue light which is very cool and restful

Handbags are growing noticeably larger and more practical. Sketched on the left is a new design from Revelation, 170, Piccadilly. It is carried out in black suède with swirls of decorative piping. Three gold rings break its square lines and add a touch of colour



If you're a suit woman you can never have too many blouses. Checks and plaids are being shown for the autumn, and with two squares of coloured lawn, Ships, of Lansdowne Row, have created this delightful shirt. It is very simple but extraordinarily vivid, and it only costs 49s. 6d.

Your autumn outfit will not be complete without a new handbag. Sketched above is a flat pochette from Revelation, fitted with a detachable watch which can also be worn as a fob. It is available in several new shades of calf or suède, and costs 25s. 6d., including the watch, which I know sounds too good to be true



There is nothing smarter than black with white accessories. A simple and yet very sophisticated blouse, designed by Ships in crisp white organdie, is seen on the right. It is worked with fine tucks and enlivened by a series of "perky" little bows. The price is 45s.

Golf Clubs at Home: Northwood, Middlesex

The Northwood Golf Club was the pioneer of the game in its part of Greater London, having been founded in 1891 as a homely course of nine holes and a score of members. An extension to eighteen holes was soon made, but it was not till after the war that the freehold was bought and extensive improvements made. Total length: 6254 yards

(1) R. R. Plowman (vice-captain). (2) E. G. Huggins (committee). (3) A. E. Sabey. (4) Ian Smith. (5) C. J. Anderson. (6) C. W. Brommage. (7) P. M. Nicholson and W. E. Fairlie (president). (8) Captain E. M. Palmer, R.N. (secretary), W. R. Cunliffe. (9) E. C. Bentley and R. Hamilton-Wickes. (10) R. R. Plowman and W. H. Lindley (captain). (11) L. V. Houseman (hon. treasurer), W. K. Steel and H. E. Cribb (ex-captains). (12) G. Newth. F. W. Comber. P. Whaley

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Ball Again

THE Open Championship and the £500 challenge match, in which Bobby Locke and Sid Brews challenged Henry Cotton and his selected, have shown yet again what a ridiculously long way the first-class golfer of the present day can hit a golf ball, which does not weigh more than 1.62 ozs. avoirdupois and does not measure less than 1.62 ins. in diameter. Moreover, the fact that it goes much too far is not the only drawback to the ball with which we play at the present time.

A greater drawback is the fact—to use an Irishism (or should I say Eireism?)—that a bad shot is so often a good shot. Those who watch golfers carefully see continually both the players at the top of the tree and also the players with long handicaps get good results after playing very bad shots.

In the final of the Amateur Championship of 1935, which was played at St. Anne's, Lawson Little, the winner, was late on the tee for the afternoon round, due to the fact that, in his own words, he had taken a bath and was obviously flustered for the first few holes. At the third hole from the tee he hit his ball hard on the head, and, although it never left the ground, it finished quite 250 yards down the fairway, and he found himself within range of the green with an iron club and, consequently, was not penalised to the slightest degree for a really bad shot.

SOME argue that the player of long handicap finds the game so difficult that he should be allowed to get satisfactory results from bad shots, and that everything should be done to encourage him. I cannot believe that anyone—golfer or player of any other game—gets very much satisfaction out of playing a bad shot, even if it actually comes to rest on the fairway or near the pin; and if there are players who do get satisfaction from good results after bad shots there must be at least an equal number of players who most assuredly do not get any satisfaction at all—namely, those who are playing against the golfers who have obtained these most unjust rewards.

In short, if you allow that a long-handicap player usually plays with a long-handicap player, it follows that every time a long-handicap player gets a good result from a bad shot, another long-handicap player, his opponent, finds the result very far from satisfactory. Consequently, for every long-handicap player who is pleased with the result of a bad shot, there must be another long-handicap player who is displeased.

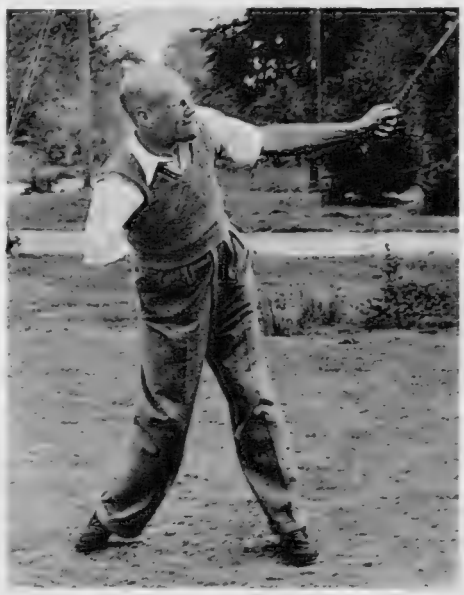
WE have read and heard much about how ridiculous the present ball is, but we seldom hear constructive suggestions for its improvement which are acceptable to all classes of golfers. Henry Cotton has lately made a suggestion to restrict the distance which the modern ball can be hit from the tee only. Cotton suggests that at every hole there should be five tees—one tee on level ground, one sloping down, one sloping up, one sloping to the right, and one sloping to the left. Unfortunately he has not told us how severe the slopes should be. Cotton suggests that the tee sloping down should be used when the players are faced with a big carry, and gives us some idea of the severity of the slope by telling us that a brassie or spoon would be required from the tee to get the necessary elevation. With the exception of the tee sloping down—which, without any doubt, would shorten the tee shot—I do not think that any of the other sloping tees would inconvenience the first-class player, but they would certainly make the game much more difficult for the long-handicap players, who hate hanging lies like poison, and who surely should be assisted as much as is reasonably possible. These extra tees would also increase the cost of new golf courses, besides increasing the expenditure on the upkeep of teeing grounds.

Cotton has at least made a possible suggestion for restricting the length of tee shots, and I do hope that other supporters of a golf ball which cannot be hit so far as the present-day ball will follow his example and put forward their suggestions to remove a big defect in the game of golf as played to-day.

Other great drawbacks to the present-day ball which affect *all* golfers all over the world are the long distances which have to be walked to complete a round of golf, the long walks back to new tees, the extra expense in constructing new golf courses, and the extra expense required to keep the longer courses in first-class condition.

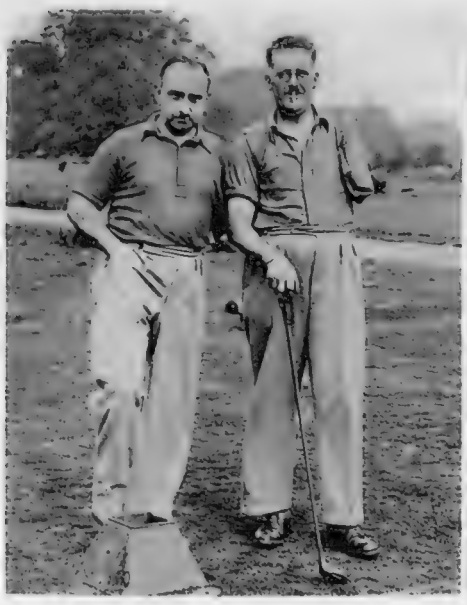
THE elderly golfer of the present day seldom has the stamina or the desire to play two rounds a day hitting his own ball, and even the young and strong first-class golfer is tired, and in many cases worn out, after playing two rounds on one day in a championship on a course measuring in the neighbourhood of 7000 yards.

There is little doubt that at the present time powers of endurance are just as great assets for championship play as skill at the game. However skilful a striker he may be, an elderly man has only the remotest chance of winning one of our championships.



One-armed Golf at Ashridge

G. Jackson (Beckenham), last year's runner-up in the championship, lost in the second round this year to Irish A. Burns, the new Champion



Squadron-Leader H. G. Bushell (Pinner Hill) and A. W. Hanson (Wyke Green), last year's winner, played together in a qualifying round. Hanson lost to Burns in the semi-final

A. W. Howl (Shrewsbury) reached the last eight to lose to Hanson; V. S. Morton (Prestatyn) was a first-round victim of Jackson

These two are Ian Martin (Rugby), who lost to T. Cowling in the first round, and F. W. Berridge (Bournemouth), winner in 1934 and '36, who lost in the second to McKarell

Lord Carnegie's team started a cricket tour in Angus with a series of matches at Guthrie Park, Brechin, not far from Kinnaird Castle, the Scottish home of his parents, Lord and Lady Southesk. This picture of the eleven stalwart men outside the pavilion includes Lord Carnegie (tallest in the group), his younger brother, the Hon. James Duthac Carnegie (two away on right), Messrs. M. Lyle, A. Hilder, A. Barber, A. C. L. Wills, J. Baiss, J. Hopton, J. Walker, M. Packe and Captain Packe

Surrey beat Middlesex at the Oval start of the match. Middlesex saved the day, leaving Middlesex 332 to win (about quarter to five. Good catching was one to Berry did not come off. The apparent

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

NEXT Saturday, weather permitting, the Oval will be packed for the fifth Test match. Heads will protrude from every window of the adjacent flats, trams will cruise slowly by, and hundreds of angry pedants will write to me, asking how I dared to call the gas-holder a gasometer.

How long those of us who are constrained, by duty or praiseworthy enthusiasm to watch the match to the bitter end will remain at Kennington I do not care to prophesy. Suppose, though, for argument's sake, that the law of averages, if there is such a thing, enables Bradman to win the toss, and Australia bat on a perfect Oval wicket. Then, since the time factor does not enter in, we can imagine the process of attrition at least beginning with prodigious and excruciating caution. In 1934, as it happens, Australia won the toss, and went on to win the match and the "Ashes" by 562 runs in the mercifully short space of four days. Ponsford and Bradman, you may remember, chastened us then by putting on 451 runs together in 5¼ hours, a great but cruel partnership which fairly cooked England's goose.

Australia have no Ponsford this year, but Brown is a tolerably able deputy, and the patient Fingleton is due for an immense score. And there is always Bradman, who still seems able, even in the darkness of Leeds, to turn on runs like a tap.

IF England win the toss it is equally possible, I suppose, that we shall set up an immense score, though Australian batsmen appear to have powers of concentration which we have not sufficiently cultivated. When an Australian has made a hundred, he is only just beginning, whereas the Englishman has done enough for glory, and grows light-hearted and even careless.

It is in this matter of concentration that the difference between the two sides is mainly to be found, though Bradman and O'Reilly have chiefly been responsible for Australia retaining the "Ashes" this summer. These two great players are just a shade better than any we can put against them, and they have tipped the scales between two very evenly balanced sides. When we look back on the Test matches of 1938, we shall agree, I fancy, that O'Reilly's bowling at Leeds and Bradman's batting in the shocking light there on the Saturday afternoon were probably the deciding factors.

AS I write, the England team has not been announced, though I doubt whether the Selectors' decision will make much difference. The important thing is that as many likely young players as possible should be given experience, with an eye to the future, for I still feel that English cricket is on the up-grade, and that we shall regain the "Ashes" when next we visit Australia.

One thing at least in the cricket world seems to be certain, which is that Yorkshire will again hold the County Championship. These Yorkshiremen are remarkable cricketers, beyond a doubt, and they have a great deal of the Australian fighting quality in their make-up.

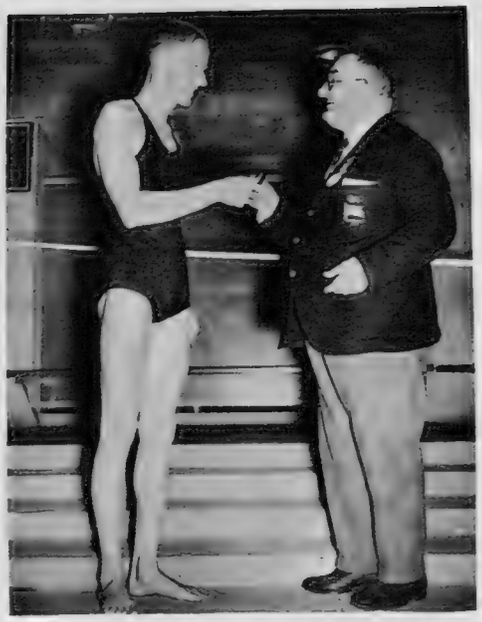
AND talking of fighting, the contest which has been arranged between Ben Foord and young George James, of Wales, in September promises to be really interesting. There are those who consider James the most promising Welsh heavy-weight since Jack Petersen, and Foord, with his strength and experience, should test him out admirably.

There are other fights in the offing, including a return bout between John Henry Lewis and Len Harvey for the world cruiser-weight title. Harvey would dearly like another stab at Lewis, for when they met in London a year or so ago there was mighty little in it. As for the Phillips-Doyle affair, no decision has yet been made about allowing it to be recognised as a fight for the British titles vacated by Tommy Farr.

The Sailing Committee of that distinguished club, the Royal Yacht Squadron, is a distinguished body. This photograph of the 1938 committee, taken on the Squadron's verandah at Cowes, shows (back row) Mr. Kenneth Preston, Major W. T. Tower-Clark, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Henry Guest, Marquess Camden; (front row) Sir Ralph Gore, Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley (Commodore), and Lieut.-Col. R. F. A. Sloane-Stanley

by two hundred runs, after rain had delayed the follow-on, but Surrey declared at lunch on the third eighty an hour). Then they got them all out by a of Surrey's greatest assets, but this one from Hart collision is an illusion of the telelens

***C. W. S. Lubbock,** the young Charterhouse cricketer who has received a good share of publicity, justified it on his first appearance in county cricket; he made 69 in his second innings for Northamptonshire against Warwickshire*



***K. Hoving, junior,** of Holland, won the 100 metres free-style in the European swimming championships at the Empire Pool, Wembley, beating English Fred Dove very narrowly. Mr. John Hodgson, President of the Swimming Association, presented Hoving's medal*

It might just as well be a title fight, and have done with it. Then there would at least be a champion to tilt at, whereas now the British heavy-weight position is in a sorry tangle.

It may be argued that Jack Doyle would be the luckiest champion ever if he beat Phillips, and took the crown after so little actual fighting. On the other hand, the only thing that really counts is victory, and if an entirely unknown contender who had never fought before could beat the champion he would deserve the title. That is how it used to be in the old days, when challengers emerged from butchers' shops, and I cannot help feeling that there must be butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers to-day who could knock the stuffing out of most of our potential champions.

I CANNOT refrain from an inevitably belated comment on the Rugby football match between Great Britain and South Africa, which South Africa won by the rather odd score of 4 goals and 2 penalty goals to 4 penalty goals. South Africa triumphed, as we had expected, largely because their forward play was greatly superior. It was unfortunate for Great Britain that W. H. Travers was unable to play, for his hooking would have been most helpful, but even he could not have entirely restored the forward balance.

Heavy and efficient scrummaging is the foundation of South African Rugby theory, and the tour will have been valuable if it succeeds in convincing our players and authorities of the importance of this phase of the game. Give the backs quick possession, and orthodox tries are possible; secure the ball, keep it and wheel, and attack from unorthodox positions is likely to be profitable. Everything turns on scrummaging, and that should be our motto for the forthcoming Rugby season which starts—far too early—next month.

This much we may add. The British team in South Africa have done far better than we dared to hope. They held South Africa magnificently in the first half of the Johannesburg match, and but for injuries, which have disorganised them, they might have gone quite close to victory.

FINALLY, and more in keeping with the sultry weather, how about the performance of young Fred Dove in the Wembley swimming championships? He only just failed to win the 100 metres final by less than a second, and a better take-off would have given him the European title.

We are so accustomed to seeing Japs, Hungarians and Dutchmen beating us in the water that we think very little of our chances, but quite clearly swimming is another sport we shall have to take seriously.

***Bryn Jones** arrived in London last week to take up his £13,000 appointment with Arsenal. Tom Whittaker, Arsenal's trainer, was glad to welcome him, as the London team is in need of just such an inside-forward as the Welshman from Wolverhampton Wanderers. The Soccer season opens in ten days' time*

***Twins** won the Open doubles in the Schoolboys' lawn tennis tournament at Queen's. They are W. Shute and K. Shute, of King's, Rochester, and they beat Michelmore and Cobbold of Charterhouse in the final by 6—0, 6—0. Michelmore was also singles runner-up (see next picture)*

***Geoffrey Paish** (right) won the Schoolboys' Championship at Queen's by beating Jeffery Michelmore with the loss of three games. As last year's winner of the under-sixteen event, he sets up a record by winning the junior and senior titles in successive years*

Golf for Beginners

By Eleanor E. Helme

THE title of this article is a misnomer—or, at least, with my own name appended. *Golf for Beginners* is by Anthony Spalding, published by Link House Publishing Company at the modest half-crown, with a sub-title "Learning to Play in Nine Lessons," and appears to me to be as sensible and succinct a little book as any beginner could possibly wish. Not only beginners, neither. My own feeling is that most golf books are far too recondite to be useful. Perhaps that is sour grapes, since I am sure I could not write one of them myself, though the R. and A. do call me a professional golfer and my colleague, Henry Longhurst, a professional writer.

But so many treatises on the game seem to be about to merit Hamlet's cry of "Words, words," and to leave the wretched learner no nearer knowing what she is trying to do. Not so with Mr. Spalding's book. It follows the demand of the editors who stipulate "No unnecessary verbage," and tells the beginner in plain truth how he or she must set about it. "Grip the ground with the toes and the inside of both feet"; "Do not stand so far away that the arms must be stretched, nor so near as to feel cramped"; "Be looking at the spot where the ball rested *after* the impact"—these are just the sort of maxims which are needed, but which are too often wrapped up in so much verbage, half of it wholly unnecessary, that the beginner turns away sickened and takes up marbles or darts, until he finds that they have an equally abstruse technique and jargon of their own.

PERHAPS watching golf, as Mr. Spalding and I myself do, year in and year out, helps one to realise what a lot of clutter accumulates round the few things that are really essential in the hitting of a golf ball. So many players tell you a new secret of some new swing they have adopted—but, lo and behold, when you see them play there is no difference perceptible to the onlooker! That sets you thinking how minute in actual fact are these tiny alterations in technique, and that confidence, whether in yourself or in the tip given you by somebody else, is really worth most to the average golfer.

THERE is an enormous amount to be learnt by watching, and with youngsters especially—young enough to imitate without conscious thought—to watch the best players is a liberal education, though one that is too often forgotten. When a golfer has passed the infantile imitation stage of growth, there is still gain in watching, particularly in watching a championship, and seeing how the matches of its concluding rounds are won and lost. When one finds young competitors, defeated in an early round, packing up and going home, it is impossible not to feel that they are losing a really golden chance of improving their game. It is not only the actual shots, it is not even the catching of rhythm from somebody with more of that elusive essential than yourself, valuable though these lessons are. It is seeing how a momentary slackness here, rashness there, lack of thought somewhere else, or want of sheer dogged perseverance has altered a result. Young golfers are terribly inclined, having made one bad shot, or played one devastating hole, to think they must inevitably be beaten. Watching champions in tight matches would make them realise that such things can be wiped out, because, provided you hang on long enough, the opponent will quite possibly make just such a fool mistake as you yourself have made, and nothing is truer than the aged truism that a match is never lost till it is won.

POSSIBLY we gained something in the more leisurely days of my own golfing youth, when we made up our mind to go to a championship, and, having scraped together the needful pennies and taken some time in arriving by train or in somebody else's car, would have sooner died than come away again before it was all over. Getting away is so easy now that everybody has a car, and a couple of hundred miles is more commonplace than fifty in the earlier motoring days; there is sure to be an open meeting somewhere to go to or something else to be done, instead of staying on at the championship. Of course, staying on was cheaper. I seem to remember that in pre-war days half-a-guinea a day kept one at the hotels chosen as headquarters, and something like a pound for the week covered your caddies. On the other hand, girls of to-day are given much bigger allowances and spend in accordance. If they wanted to stay to the end of a championship they could do so, and if they once realised how much they could learn, stay they undoubtedly would. It goes without saying that they must watch closely—not merely lounge, gossiping on a sandhill.

SO it comes back to it that Mr. Spalding and I and all the other observers of the great game are lucky and have infinite opportunity, if not capacity, for learning; and Mr. Spalding has undoubtedly watched to very good effect. If you doubt my word, read his *Golf for Beginners* and see if you do not find something to remember in its pages—something that will help you even if you knew it before (being no beginner) and had only temporarily forgotten it.

At the Vichy Golf Club

Looking more like audience than actors, Captain Philip Donner and Miss Consuelo Eyre sat on a Vichy Golf Club seat. American-born Miss Eyre was going on to Scotland, to stay in Angus, before returning to America. She is a niece of Lady Greville

The North Berwick Season Starts Again

Miss Betty Eliot (niece of a North Berwick regular, Mr. Edward Esmond) and Mrs. C. Harbord were playing a round together. Between them sat the Hon. Mrs. David Hely-Hutchinson, who was walking round with her dogs, Garry and Kim. Mrs. Harbord was Joan Wyld before her recent marriage

Miss Innes and Sir Guy Graham

Miss Marjorie Innes, playing with Sir Guy Graham, of Norton Conyers, Yorks., is Colonel J. A. Innes' daughter, and is engaged to Nigel Hambro, son of Colonel Harold Hambro, M.F.H. of the Suffolk

Hollywood Premiere

"Marie Antoinette" Draws the Stars

Claudette Colbert signs the theatre's guest-book

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Merle Oberon arrive together, watched by ten thousand eyes

Stars of the Evening: Norma Shearer and Tyrone Power

Biggest Hollywood premiere for months, "Marie Antoinette" brought all the celebrities to the Carthay Circle Theatre under a blaze of lights and the goggling eyes of an avid public. Stars of the M.-G.-M. £400,000 super-spectacle and guests of honour for the evening were Norma Shearer and Tyrone Power. Her performance in the film pleased the critics in no small way, and the cheering showed that the Hollywood public still ranks her high among its favourites. Last week it was reported that she had retired from Scarlett O'Hara's part in "Gone With the Wind"

Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, one of Hollywood's most cheerful couples, are out to enjoy themselves

Gale Sondegaard and Paul Muni, happily married, get applause but cause no gossip

Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck walk in arm-in-arm, have been seen together these two years

Thunder Was in the Air

By Charles Ward

Manœuvres on High

THE annual Air Exercise, conducted on a bigger scale than ever before, brought home to millions of people the reality of our preparations for defence. Nine hundred warplanes took part—something approaching two million horse-power caused thunder in the air—thousands were disturbed during their afternoon nap or their night's rest, but it was in a good cause. The weather was just as unfortunate as it could be, with low clouds, mist, fog and rain to interfere with observation from the ground and the spotting of objectives from the air. The number of flying hours logged during the three days Exercise must have totalled five figures, yet no case of engine failure was recorded, nor did any defect occur in the airframes, during dive-bombing or fighting-manœuvres. Unhappily, there was loss of life, due to fog preventing a safe landing. In time, when apparatus is perfected, every aircraft will be fitted to land in fog and every aerodrome will have its "blind" landing lane. There are so many aerodromes in the British Isles, that it will be impossible for such a situation to arise that a pilot cannot reach a safe harbour.

Trade Restrictions

THE extensive nature of the Exercises and the large number of aircraft taking part, made it essential to curtail civil flying, and everyone on the commercial side co-operated to the fullest extent. There was little interference with Continental traffic. The weather was bad enough to restrict Service operations, so that liners had a passage more free from trouble than their pilots expected. The Royal Dutch came in for a certain amount of unjustified criticism, owing to a misunderstanding of the Air Ministry's map, showing the area of operations to extend across the North Sea. This was intended merely as a warning to civil operators that Service 'planes would be manœuvring in formation, and special watch should be observed. K.L.M., in common with all other foreign lines, made their plans accordingly, and no inconvenience was caused to either side. The freedom of the air is something which we hope will be extended until it becomes universal, thereby removing the necessity for all armed aircraft except those engaged on police duties.

The Air Guard

THE flying clubs have been snowed under with applications to join the Civil Air Guard, and there will be much disappointment in the autumn when it is seen how few can be satisfied until next year. We have been caught with a deficiency of aircraft and instructors. At least a year must elapse before the scheme goes with a swing. Three types, in addition to those I mentioned last week, are in production for C.A.G. Two are ultra-light, from the Luton Aircraft Co., and to the design of C. H. Latimer Needham, who is well known in the sailplane business. They will qualify in the half-a-crown and five-shillings an hour category. The third is the "Tipsy" two-seater, designed originally by E. O. Tips, of the Fairey Aviation factory in Belgium. It is being built at Hanworth, has been tested by Flt.-Lt. Staniland, chief pilot to Faireys, and is being marketed by Brian Allen. At a price of £675, with a top speed of 112 miles an hour, and a consumption of less than three gallons an hour at cruising revs., it represents good value. The problem of life insurance affects everyone who is married or has other family commitments, and the companies have not yet decided what attitude to take regarding the flying risk of the C.A.G. scheme. The lack of a reasonable policy will eliminate many good recruits. It seems very odd in these days of travel by air, and the admission of flying as a normal profession or hobby, that people taking out new policies don't insist on all climatic and occupational risks being included. If several companies won't accept, then one, more daring, may take a chance, and the others will follow suit. The increase in average premium would be a matter of shillings per hundred pounds.

By the Air Way

MAJOR MAYO prophesies overnight mails to and from New York, utilising a landplane version of "Mercury." The latter's floats robbed her of at least 50 miles an hour, so that an effective cruising speed of 210 is an immediate possibility, using the same "Napier" engines which stood up to the Atlantic test flights so well. With more powerful engines, a cruising speed of 300 miles an hour is not an extravagant goal. It was in 1910 that the first air-mail experiment was made in this country. Claude Grahame-White carried a small bag of letters seven miles across country from Blackpool, using a Bleriot monoplane. In the following year, 100,000 letters and postcards were flown from Hendon to Windsor, just to prove that air mail would come in time. Gustav Hamel conducted these experiments, and carried about 20 lb. a journey, flying at 50 miles an hour. To-day, Imperial Airways carries all first-class mail on the Empire routes to Australia and South Africa. Three-halfpence is the postage fee, and your letter goes by air whether you wish it or not. Speed is at an average of 150 m.p.h., with two tons of mail, twenty-four passengers, and a crew of five accommodated.

Instructions on the Tail

A "Westland" Squadron Leader chose an appropriate table for his map when issuing instructions for the interception of raiders from the sea. His pilots are a typical R.A.F. lot—cheerful and confident of their chances, average age about twenty-one, not one with his cap on straight

Instructions on the 'Phone

Telephoning in a gas-mask is one of the best ways to accustom soldiers or civilians to the wearing of these beautifiers, but perhaps the person at the other end of the line does not think so. This defence unit at Hornchurch will be glad of the order to go up into clean air. In the background is a Gloster "Gladiator"

When "East" Meets "West"

The Air Defence Exercises

Washing Down for the Sake of the Enemy

The R.A.F. Lets Fly—But the Children Don't Care

The defence of "Westland" against air attacks from "Eastland" occupied 900 aircraft over a period of three days. It was the biggest air exercise yet held in this country. The attacking force had a slight numerical advantage, but the defence, including the Observer Corps and the Anti-Aircraft Division, intercepted most of the raiders. A feature of the manœuvres was the performance of aircraft and engines: not one case of mechanical failure occurred during the many thousands of hours of intensive flying, although the low cloud and mist that hampered pilots was responsible for six deaths

Messages of Goodwill Went Into the Racks Under Bombers

The Brains

Air Chief Marshal Sir Edgar Ludlow-Hewitt, A.O.C. in C. Bomber Command (right), was in conference at Uxbridge. The others, from l. to r., are Group Captain J. K. Summars, Air Commodore Sidney Smith, Wing Commander V. F. Broom, and Group Captain N. H. Bottomley

The Ears

These men are listening-in to raiders from over the sea. The sound-locator forms part of the equipment of the searchlight batteries of the Territorial Army, which worked under the orders of the Fighter Command during the Air Exercises

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

Formal Setting: *at the Park gates stands a new Sunbeam-Talbot "Ten" four-door saloon model, an attractive car of the semi-sporting calibre*

It is a constant source of wonderment to me that so many "racing motorists" are known to the daily Press who never appear in motor races. Frequently I see individuals so described in Press accounts of their activities—sometimes nefarious and sometimes merely boring. The fact that such "racing motorists" almost invariably are described as "well-known" is attributable largely to the zeal of the reporter who is describing them. I have a very excellent friend, an erstwhile keen supporter of reliability trials and rallies, who has, I believe, competed in one or two insignificant private Club Meetings at Brooklands. When his engagement was announced recently I was electrified to find him described not as a "well-known" but as a "famous" racing motorist.

I would suggest to editors that they should ask the British Racing Drivers' Club to let them have a copy of the club handbook, in which will be found the full list of members. From this it will be seen that there are only about three hundred people in this country who qualify for membership of this "Racing Drivers' Trade Union," and of these I should say that fewer than ten per cent. are entitled to be regarded as "famous," while only about fifty are even well known to those outside the immediate circle of racing enthusiasts.

When it is considered what a very small place Great Britain is terrestrially with consequent restricted transport possibilities, it really is rather remarkable to reflect that we have now held the land-speed record for many years, and that while we also hold the water-speed record we have evolved in addition the fastest transatlantic liners and battleships, the fastest railway engine, and the fastest aeroplanes.

Within the past thirty years the changes which have taken place in our national transport have been so tremendous that it is difficult for anyone not a specialist in the subject to keep pace with the development which has characterised this period of restlessness. There is such a tendency in these swift-moving times to take progress for granted; that there is always a danger that posterity may find blanks in the records of our national evolution. Already the stage-coach and the penny-farthing are objects of curiosity, yet they were both in fairly common use by older members of the generation not yet faded from our midst.

The dauntless efficiency of the true veteran cars—i.e., cars manufactured prior to the year 1904—is exemplified each year when they make their epic run from London to Brighton, while the larger horse shows generally produce well-kept examples of the stage coach. Doubtless, too, the railway companies and the L.P.T.B. are preserving examples of their more historic vehicles, but it is questionable whether the earliest steamships and horse-carts and bicycles will survive unless some effort is made to preserve them. We have much of which to be proud in the part our little island has played in the world-wide evolution of wheeled and water transport.

In praise of those responsible and for the benefit of posterity, I should like to see the establishment of a museum of British Transport. Unless such a museum is inaugurated soon I am afraid it may be too late to secure all the exhibits one would wish to see included. I commend the idea to the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, to the British Cycle and Motor Cycle Manufacturers' and Traders' Union, to the Commercial Motor Users' Association, to the Federation of British Industries, to the Royal Society of St. George, to the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, to the Marine Motoring Association, and to Uncle Tom Cobley, and invite them jointly to provide the nucleus of a fund for the creation of such a museum, which might then be thrown open to public subscription.

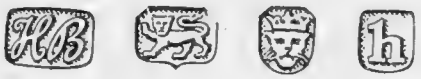
Informal Setting: *along the side of Loch Tummel runs an M.G. two-litre saloon with six-cylinder rubber-mounted engine. Other body-styles available with this model are open tourers and folding-head foursomes*

The 1939 Monte Carlo Rally regulations have been very carefully amended with a view to keeping out "trick" cars built specially to defeat the object of the eliminating tests. The idea is to confine the event to genuine touring and standard sports cars. Yet with the existence—particularly in France—of several makes of sports car, which have become so highly developed as to be to all intents and purposes racing cars, it is a little difficult to foresee what net difference all this mental dexterity on the part of the Sporting Club of Monaco—organisers of the Rally—is going to make.

I admit that the British entrants have it all over such cars when it comes to the coachwork competition at the finish, but I wonder whether this counts for so much, in the popular mind, as a first-rate performance in the road section and tests? Personally, I should like to see one or two really Tobasco British sports cars in as well as our customary examples of coach-building excellence. I hope it may be so.

Meanwhile, talking of rallies, news reaches me of another very stiff rally in prospect for 1939. This is the Liege-Rome-Liege event to be run from the 17th to 21st of next August. The rally—or, as the organisers prefer to call it, the *Trial*—is being run by the Motor Union under the auspices of the Liege International Exhibition, and entails a non-stop run of nearly 3,000 miles.

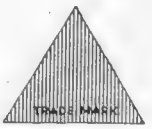
Richard Seaman fans all over the country will flock to Donington for the T.T. at the beginning of next month to watch their idol at the wheel of a B.M.W. in that race. Seaman's win in the recent German Grand Prix rejoiced the hearts of his innumerable admirers over here, and it is good news that we are to have an opportunity of seeing him in action so soon, for we had expected to have to wait for the Germans to come to the Grand Prix race at Donington a month later.



The Hall-marks on this Silver Coffee-pot, in the Victoria and Albert Museum, show that it was made in London by Hester Bateman in the year 1783-4.

HALL-MARKS OF QUALITY

The Red Triangle on the label of your bottle of Bass is your assurance that the beer it contains is the genuine Vintage Ale of England, made — now as since 1777 — of the finest barley-malt and the finest hops and England's best brewing water from the Bass wells at Burton.



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A Public Benefactress

(*Continued from page 265*)

When she had come to the end of the public notices in any town my aunt's interest in the place declined. A lassitude took her. She yawned. She lagged, collapsed on to a seat, became tired and querulous as she waited for the 'bus. "Well," she would say "we 've had a good day." We got on to the 'bus. She was a woman of some weight and had difficulty with steps and seats. With a sigh of exhaustion she would sit there, silent and weary. But how often have I seen her tired eyes harden. She had seen something on the window. A reviver. "In the interests of public health," she soliloquised, "you are requested not to spit."

This habit of hers was variously regarded by the public. Talent is not always recognised. Her most noticeable failure was at the cinemas in the silent days when she read out the dialogue and the captions. Her "Meanwhile, way back in Arkansas . . ." or "Sign or your father will be told all" was either hissed down when we were in the expensive seats or drowned by competition in the cheaper ones. But this setback was unimportant. On the wide stage of life my aunt won almost always a great deal of public respect. In a 'bus, for example, when she had read out the company's warnings about spitting, smoking, live animals, and the acid of wireless-batteries, the other passengers would look at the warnings too—perhaps read them out after her, and always look back at my aunt approvingly. They recognised a stern, but necessary, benefactress. To feckless and unwitting people she recalled that the law never sleeps, the regulations never relax their watch, that the price of property is eternal vigilance, that someone has got to forbid the forbidden, and that the wages of sin will be found in the appropriate subsection of the Act. She traded on that passion for being ruled, warned, bossed, regulated, catalogued and forbidden which is so strong in our nature and so often starved. She reawakened that intense desire to stand in queues, cross by the beacon, stop at the red, be given a number and wait for opening time, which lurks behind our lazy belief in liberty. She revived the principle of authority. To stretches of municipal speech which had been dormant for years she gave a new voice and a new life. The passengers nodded their heads and considered with gratitude.

My aunt's work was not always on this austere level. There was a cultural side to it. When she stopped outside some cliff garden and read out "This way to the Roman Remains" many people realised for the first time that this applied not to the wire container for orange peel, etc., but to the historic past. Here the town museum was excellent material. We always went to the museum, and, I think, it was because in no other place was concentrated such a mass of public injunction, guidance and general information. I am not thinking of "Walking Sticks and Umbrellas should be Left with the Attendant," the foundation stone laid in the 'seventies by some alderman, or that most satisfactory of all notices, "This museum is closed on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 2 o'clock." These played their part. I am thinking of how I followed my aunt in and heard her voice resound on the stone walls as if she were in a bathroom, saying, "Do not touch the objects"; and then I am thinking of the orgy. "Cast of Ancient Briton's Skeleton" I hear. "Bison horns presented by Major Cough, blunderbuss, flint weapon, man trap, ancient instrument" follow. We go on, and I hear the bird sonata. "Black-headed gull," says my aunt. "Common Gull, Sabin's Gull, Bonaparte Gull, Glaucous Gull and Iceland Gull (immature), Puffinus Kuhli, or the Mediterranean Great Shearwater (rare on English coasts." The megalithic, the neolithic, poured off her indifferent lips, and with them Old Gun washed up at Beachy Head, the life of the common house-fly magnified one thousand times, and a diagram illustrating the fertilisation of the arum lily. "The public is requested not to lean on the cases," says my aunt to me. "Take your dirty hands off."

So to all who might be in the museum at that time a generous distribution of free information was given. They did not have to read: they could not look: they had to listen. Museums all down the coast owe a debt to her.

No study of my aunt would be complete which did not explain how this great passion for spreading the warnings of the law and the blessings of general, but unnoticed, information was fixed in her. Automatic and amoral as the habit might have seemed, it was not really so. What she read she obeyed. I have never seen her go up a "Private Drive," "Stick Bills," "Damage this Wall" ignore a "Concealed Entrance," or play forbidden music in the street. What she read was obeyed or added itself to her personality. But just as the lives of the saints so often show an early apprenticeship in formidable sins, as if their great virtue had to be preceded by exceptional vice, so it was with my aunt. It had happened when she was a girl, travelling in a train.

For a long time she considered the notice and then acted. She was the only person I have ever known of to make (in the company's words) "improper use" of the alarm signal. She was fined five pounds. It was the making of her.

THE END.

Some phrases seldom ring true

"Nice day for a sail, Sir"

but

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Whole Country Welcomes the News:

STILL BETTER AUSTIN CARS

AT REDUCED PRICES

Great Interest in Improved Features

Determined to put Austin cars within the reach of the widest possible public, Austin have made price reductions on all popular models. Only the Austin method of large-scale precision production has permitted this. By the constant checking of every component and operation, all loss is eliminated. Overheads are reduced and the quality and dependability of Austin cars further increased. New features giving more power, livelier acceleration, greater comfort and safety are announced. What are people saying about the news? Read these comments from motorists and motorists-to-be :—

"What! Another reduction on the Big '7'? That's the second in six months."—"I do like this new low sliding roof"—"for lively acceleration give me the Big '7' every time"—"it's just the car we want, with good leg room for four"—"marvellous engine, I call it, 25 b.h.p. at 4,000 r.p.m."—"good equipment, it's got everything"—"over 60 in top, over 40 miles to the gallon?—we've simply got to have one—we can afford it now."

"An aluminium cylinder head in the '10' and a £10 saving suits me all right"—"she's got lots more power and acceleration now *and* gives more m.p.g."—"the brakes are the best I've tried . . . I like the new pistol-grip handbrake, too . . . I can reach the driving seat from either side"—"how well she rides with these new shock absorbers!"—"it's nice and quiet . . . I suppose that's their 'sound-insulation'"—"She's really roomy, the best '10' I know, and the luggage locker's larger than ever."

ONLY AUSTIN PRECISION METHODS AND LARGE-SCALE PRODUCTION MAKE THESE PRICES POSSIBLE

BABY '7' RUBY Fixed-Head Saloon . . *NOW* £122 *Sliding-Head now* £125	**'12'** ASCOT Fixed-Head Saloon . . . *NOW* £215 *Sliding-Head now* £225
BIG '7' FORLITE Fixed-Head Saloon . . *NOW* £137 *Sliding-Head now* £139	**'14'** GOODWOOD Fixed-Head Saloon . *NOW* £235 *Sliding-Head now* £245
'10' CAMBRIDGE Fixed-Head Saloon . . *NOW* £175 *Sliding-Head now* £185	**'18'** NORFOLK Fixed-Head Saloon . . . . £350 *Sliding-Head* £355

'28' RANELAGH Limousine ENTIRELY NEW MODEL ... £700

NOW IS THE TIME TO INVEST IN AN AUSTIN

The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (20th Year)

HOLDER: LALLY VAGLIANO

Scratch Match-Play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges,

September 7th, 8th and 9th. No Qualifying Round.

September 5th—International Match, Scotland v. England.

September 6th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 9th, 1938.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Tuesday, August 23rd, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

The winner, runner-up and two semi-finalists in 1937 and the four next lowest handicaps will be "seeded."

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch match-play knock-out tournament at Stoke Poges, September 7th, 8th and 9th. Halved matches will be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 8th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 5th; all mothers or chaperons may do so at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1938, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, a silver medal to each member of that team, and bronze medals to the losing team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY.

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

"COLLINSWOOD," FARNHAM COMMON. Terms: 13s. 6d. to £1 1s. per day

Competitors should apply *early* to the Manager at either of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,

20th Year,

Stoke Poges, September 7th, 8th and 9th, 1938.

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Tuesday, August 23rd.

Please enter

Miss.....

Home Address.....

.....

Telephone No......

Date and year of birth..... *Club (if any)*.....

I am qualified for {*Scotland, *England,} *Handicap (if any)*.....

*and should like / *but should not like } to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply.

The "Bystander"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(17th Year) Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1938

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(13th Year) Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1938.

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Friday, September 16th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard.*

On September 16th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

The eight lowest handicap pairs in each tournament will be seeded.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1937 or 1938, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1938. **No Entrance Fee**

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, September 16th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

..... *Telephone No.*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified at once please, to Miss Helme at the above address.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — AUGUST

Name {*Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Marjorie Hunter Bonar

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. D. Bonar, of Tighnduin, Monifieth, Angus; her wedding to Thomas Kenneth Jefferson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jefferson, of The Manor House, Knowle, Warwickshire, is on September 3rd

Lenare

Nancy Geraldine Philips

Is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. L. Philips, of Abbey Cwmhir, Penybont, Radnorshire; she is engaged to Robert Bayne-Powell, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Bayne-Powell, of Brockhill, Broad Clyst, Devon

Douglas

Mary Tagg

Is the second daughter of Col. E. J. B. Tagg and the late Mrs. Tagg, of 60, Cheyne Court, Chelsea; she is engaged to Flt. Lt. Anthony Collins, only son of the late P. J. Collins and Mrs. Collins, of Birkdale, Lancs.

Elizabeth Bell

Elizabeth Hayley Bell has announced her engagement to Martin Pryce Weedon, The Middlesex Regt. (Duke of Cambridge's Own). She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. F. Hayley Bell, D.S.O., Headquarters, Malaya Command, and Mrs. Bell

Lenare

Margaret Patterson

Is the younger daughter of the late T. H. Patterson and Mrs. Adams, of The Hall, Alnmouth, Northumberland; she is to marry John Milburn Pybus, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pybus, of Denton Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne

Lenare

Joan Tustin

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Tustin, of Chinnor Hill, Oxon., and is to marry, on September 14th, Roger William Jackling, of 37, East 64th Street, New York, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Jackling, of Bridge, Kent

Lenare

Esmé Doris Sutton

Is the eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Cecil Sutton, of Heathfield House, Brockenhurst, Hants., and is engaged to Kenneth Brooke Farley Smith, R.A.F., younger son of the late T. E. Smith and Mrs. Smith, of Lyndhurst, New Forest

Elizabeth Ryan

Is the daughter of the late F. D. Ryan and Mrs. Ryan, of The Sanctuary, Morden, Surrey; she is engaged to Peter Amyatt Leir, The Hampshire Regiment, son of Rear-Admiral E. W. Leir and the late Mrs. Leir, of The Priory, Ditcheat, Somerset

Lenare

Frances Winter-Irving

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Winter-Irving, of 57, Drayton Gardens, S.W.10; she is to marry Kenneth Francis Webster James, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. James, of Cintra, Radlett, Herts.

Bassano

Molly Barbara Nuthall

Is the second daughter of the late Stuart Nuthall and Mrs. Stuart Nuthall, of Richmond Hill, Surrey, and sister of Betty Nuthall; she is to marry Henry Gordon Pack, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pack, of Saffronfields, East Horsley

Lenare

Violet Patricia Jorgensen

Is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. R. Jorgensen, of Bushy Duff House, near Dover, and is to marry Michael Bell, The Highland Light Infantry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bell, of Broom House, North Side, Morpeth

Pearl Freeman

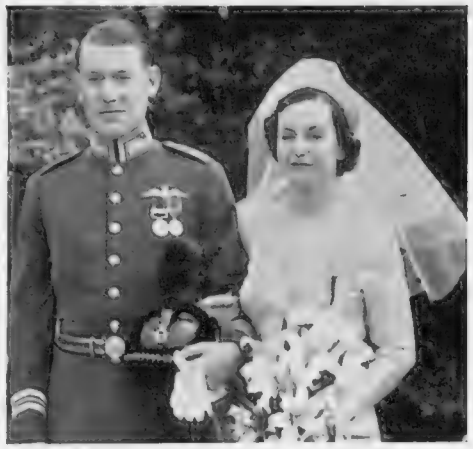
Mary Phillips

Is the second daughter of Commander and Mrs. A. M. H. Phillips, of 19, Pembroke Place, W.8; her fiancé is D. N. Moore, R.E., second son of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Moore, of Innisfree, Rathgar, Dublin

Getting Married *(Continued from page A)*

Neave — Huggins

David Peter Neave is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. David Neave, of 83, Elm Park Mansions, S.W.10; Nancy Huggins is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. B. T. Huggins, of Nigel, Transvaal, S. Africa. They were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Heath — Gibson

Sq. Ldr. Maurice Heath, only son of the late Lionel Heath and Mrs. Heath, of Walton-on-Thames, and Mary Gibson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Gibson, of The Croft, Bourne, Lincs., were married, with an R.A.F. guard of honour, at Bourne Abbey

Bruce — Rehbinder

The wedding took place this summer in Sweden between Ian Stuart Rae Bruce, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bruce, of Garth House, Tunbridge Wells, and Reinhildt Hilda Henriette Reinholdtsdotter Rehbinder, daughter of Baron and Baroness C. R. Rehbinder, of Skövde, Sweden

Pitcairn — de Pree

Capt. Andy Pitcairn, The Black Watch, and Goda de Pree were married at St. Mary's Abbey, Haddington. He is the son of G. S. Pitcairn and Mrs. Pitcairn, of 14, Learmouth Terrace, Edinburgh; she is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. G. de Pree, of Beech Hill, Haddington, East Lothian

Webb — Grey

Denis le Plastrier Webb, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. J. Webb, of Briarmead, Greatham-on-Tees, and Mary Edith Grey, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. C. Grey, of Purlieu House, Dibden, Hampshire, were married at Dibden Church

Fawcus — Pepper

At St. Peter and St. Paul's, Wincanton, John Fawcus and Hazel Pepper were married. He is the only son of Col. and Mrs. J. S. Fawcus, of Dunstansteads, Embleton, Northumberland; she is the eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Wilfred Pepper, of The Elms, Wincanton

Bevan — Pakington

David John Vaughan Bevan, The Schools, Shrewsbury, second son of the late P. V. Bevan and Mrs. Bevan, and Hilary Pakington, eldest daughter of the Hon. Humphrey and Mrs. Pakington, 98, Palace Gardens Terrace, W.8, were married at Hartlebury Church, Worcs.

Gauvain — Mitchell

Captain Rowland de Putron Gauvain, 5th Bn., Frontier Force Rifles, younger son of the late H. de P. Gauvain and Mrs. Gauvain, of Sidcup, Kent, married Marcelle Mitchell at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens. She is the younger daughter of the late A. Hillyard Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell, of Sidcup

Cameron — Jamieson

Donald Maxwell Cameron, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cameron, of Raisbeck Lodge, York, married Betty Robertson Jamieson at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. She is the twin daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Jamieson, of 34, Albany Street, Edinburgh, and is deputy medical officer at Scarborough

Bassano

Sheila Foster

Sheila Foster is the daughter of the late Major Phipps Foster and Mrs. Foster, of The White House, Winslow, Bucks., and is to marry George Hugh Lowther, The Life Guards. He is the elder son of Col. J. G. Lowther and the Hon. Mrs. Lowther, of Wilton Castle, Redcar, Yorks.

Anthea Helen Orr Ewing is the only daughter of Mr. Ian Orr Ewing, M.P., and Mrs. Orr Ewing, of 15, Prince's Gate Court, S.W., and The Cottage, Wraxall, Bristol. She is engaged to Wilfrid Michael Fox, Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Fox, of Mainfield House, Ightham, Kent

Bassano

Anthea Orr Ewing

Harlip

Audrey Johnson

Audrey Johnson is the daughter of Col. and Mrs. Harry Johnson, of Boden Hall, Cheshire; her engagement has been announced to Gervase Blois, elder son of Capt. Sir Ralph Blois, of Lockfield Hall, Suffolk, and Lady Blois

Rosalind Mary Finlay, is Mr. Justice and Lady Finlay's only daughter, is engaged to Lieut. John Osler Chattock Hayes, R.N., elder son of Major and Mrs. L. C. Hayes, of Nafford House, Eckington, Pershore, Worcs. Lord and Lady Finlay live in town at 62, Hornton Street, W.8

Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Rosalind Finlay

Harlip

Gaudencia Fraser-Luckie

Gaudencia Ysabel Fraser-Luckie, daughter of the late E. G. Fraser-Luckie, of Paris and Andahuasi, Peru, is to marry Alister Edward Hyde Villiers, son of Col. C. H. and Lady Victoria Villiers, of Folly Court, Wokingham

Ann Coats is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Coats, of 9, Hertford Street, W.1; her fiancé is Jocelyn Beauchamp, son of Major Barker Hahlo, of Jamaica and Mrs. Beauchamp, of Langley Park, Norfolk

Lenare

Ann Haswell Coats

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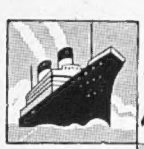

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GERMANY—*Continued*

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GERMANY—*Continued*

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